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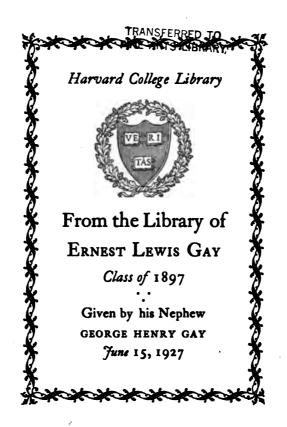
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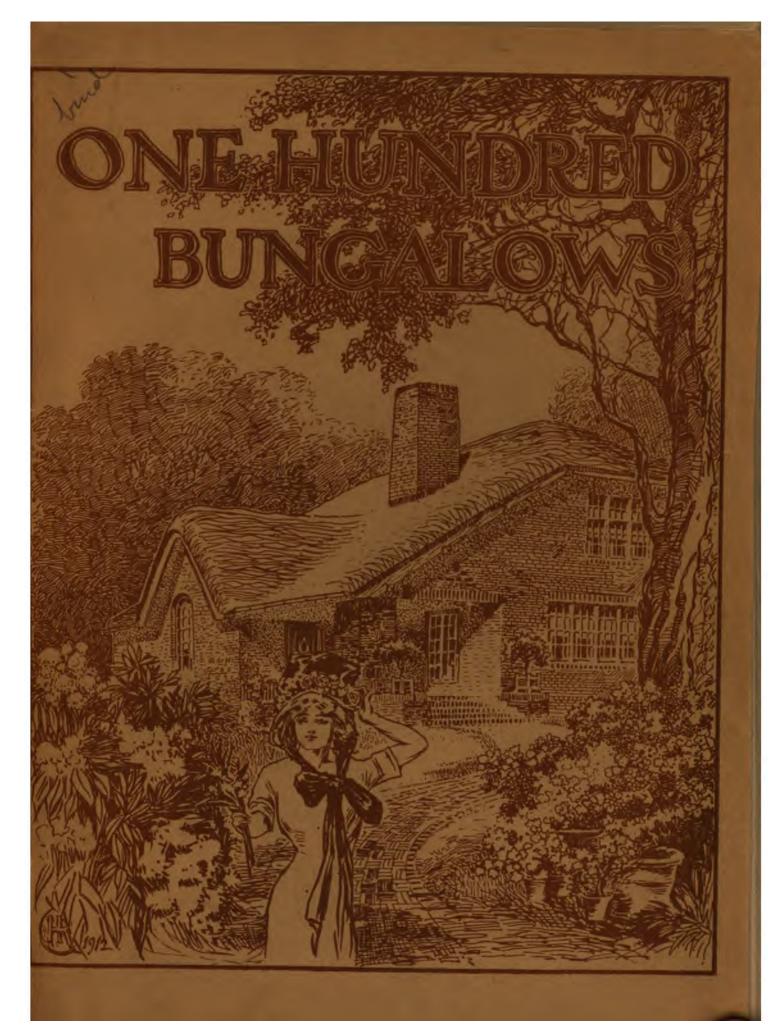


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One Hundred Bungalows

The Bungalow appeals to the small householder— If built of brick it will have beauty, dignity and stability

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS

Published for

THE BUILDING BRICK ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA



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One Hundred Bungalows

FOREWORD

THE Bungalow Designs which are illustrated in this book have been selected from 666 drawings submitted by architects and draughtsmen from all parts of the country, in a competition

recently conducted by the Brickbuilder.

The subject of this competition was a brick bungalow to be built complete—exclusive of the land—for \$3000. The three prize designs, the eight "honorable mention" designs and most of the others here published can, in the opinion of competent authorities, be built of good wholesome materials for this figure; a few of the designs would cost somewhat more.

It is interesting to note that the program called for "bungalow designs;" the results as set forth in this book therefore fairly represent the interpretation of the word "bungalow" on the part of a

large number of the architectural profession.

One naturally associates the word "bungalow" with a type of dwelling which had its origin in India and which has been reproduced, with modifications, in California, through the mountains of our middle country and by the sea. The original bungalow was of one story; all the rooms being on the ground floor; frequently houses of this type were built partly or wholly around an open square or patio. With characteristic disregard for precedent, however, we seem to have arrived at the conclusion that a house of one story or of one story and a half — heretofore known as a cottage — may properly be classed as a bungalow. Since the dignity of the small house will not suffer by this designation, there can be no good reason why we should not accept the designs herein shown as fairly representative of the modern American bungalow.

What we most need in America is a better class of small domestic architecture, one which shall provide us with houses more wholesome in their external appearance and more satisfying in their in-

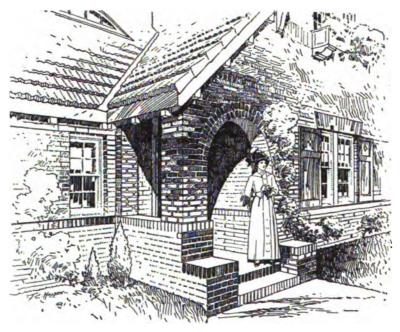
ternal arrangement and finish.

The one notable feature in connection with home building today is the interest everywhere manifested, in the fundamentals which insure a good house. These may be set down as style, plan and the materials of construction.

In order to secure style — and by this we mean those external forms which, even though simple, are refined — that shall reflect the best practice of our time, no better receipt can be given than — go to a good architect. The same source will supply the needed help for the arrangement of the plan.

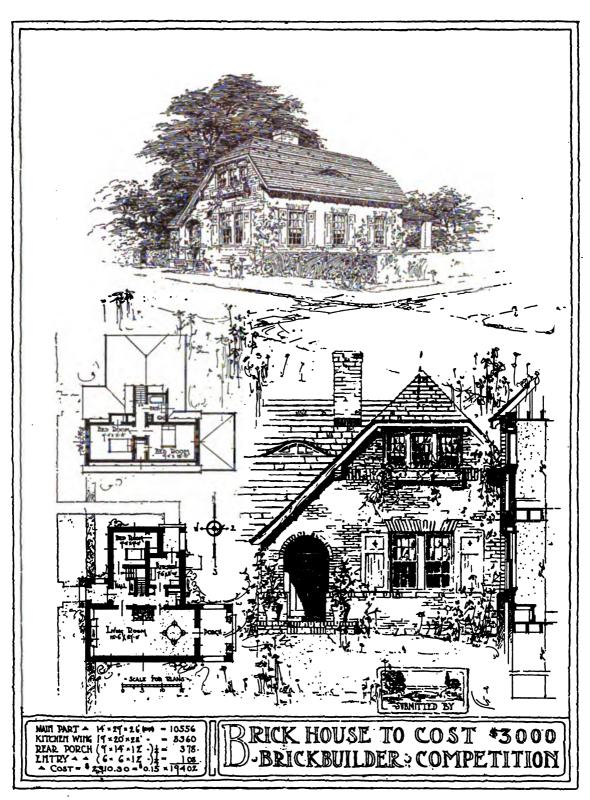
As to materials of which to build the house, there is nothing which will give it so much dignity, stability and permanency as Brick — but of this we shall have more to say in the following pages.

No attempt has been made in this book to arrange the designs, following those which were given Prizes and Mentions, in the order of their merit.

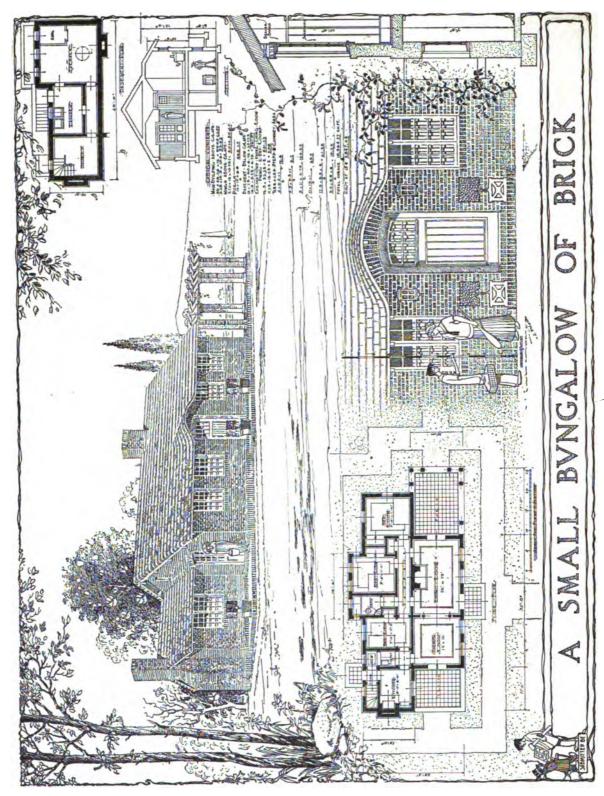


DETAIL OF FIRST PRIZE DESIGN BUNGALOW SUBMITTED IN THE BRICK-BUILDER COMPETION AND BUILT AT THE COLISEUM, CHICAGO.

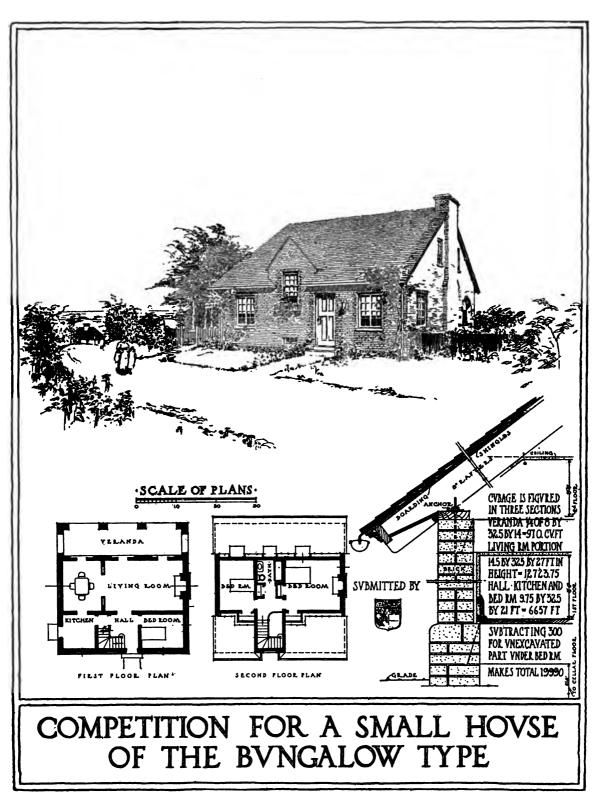
Ralph J. Batchelder, Architect.



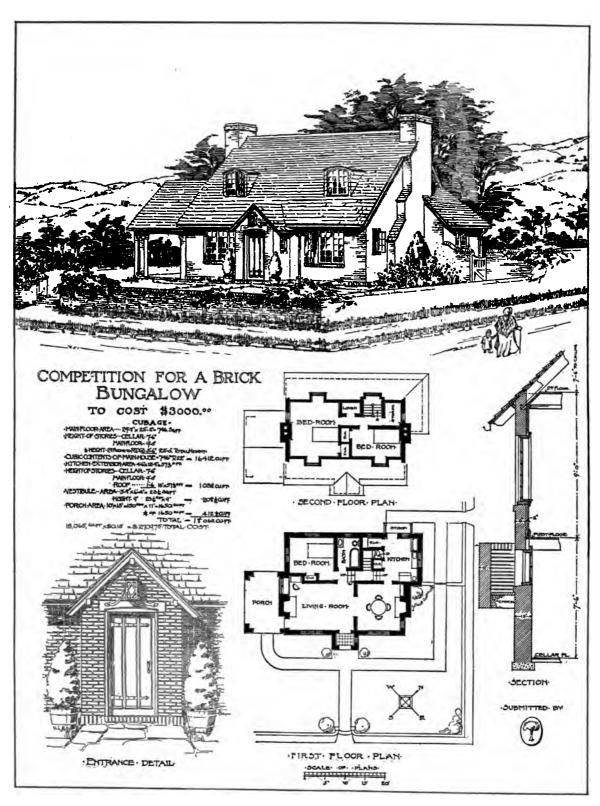
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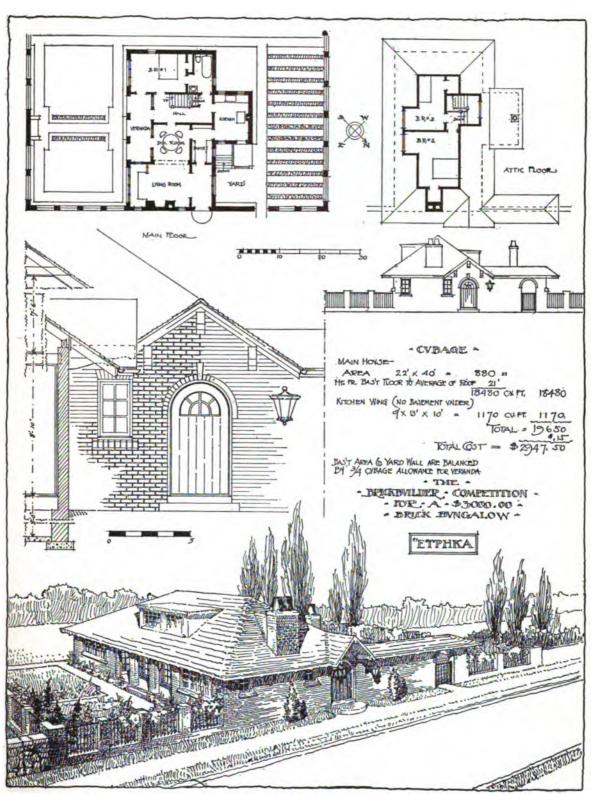


AWARDED SECOND PRIZE
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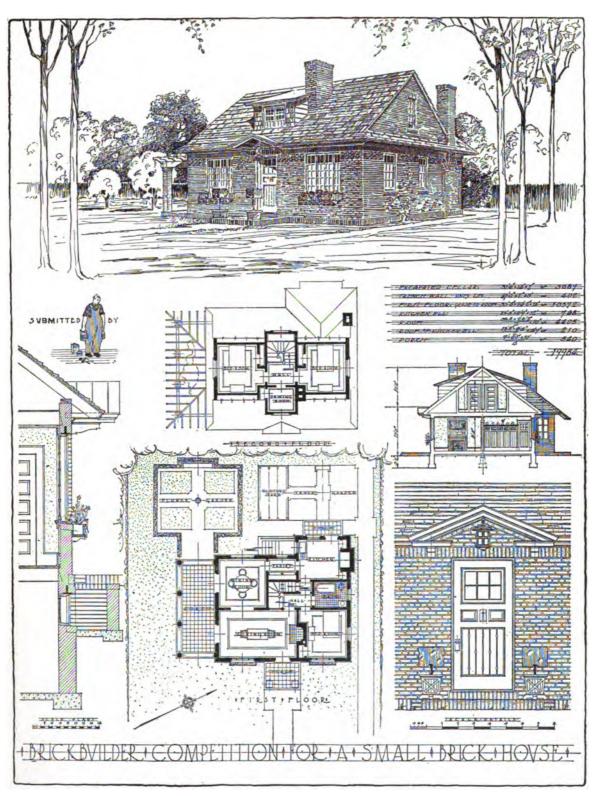
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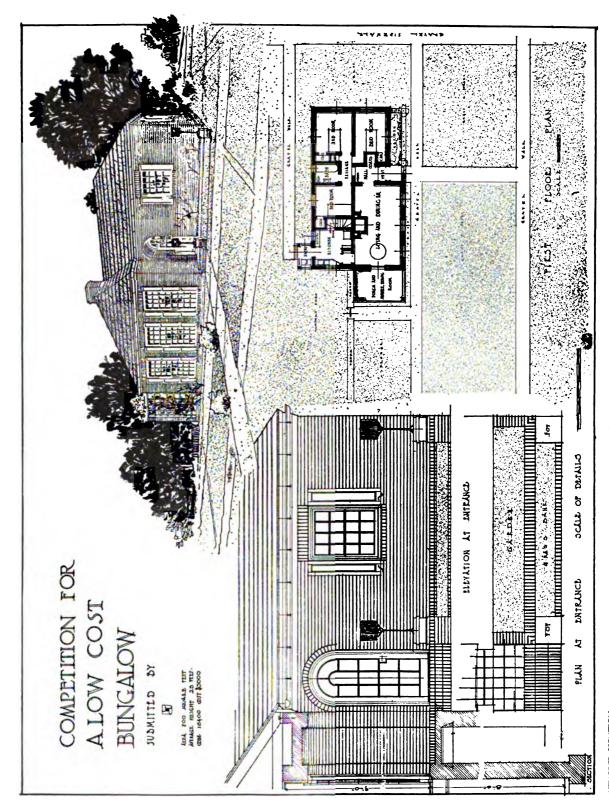


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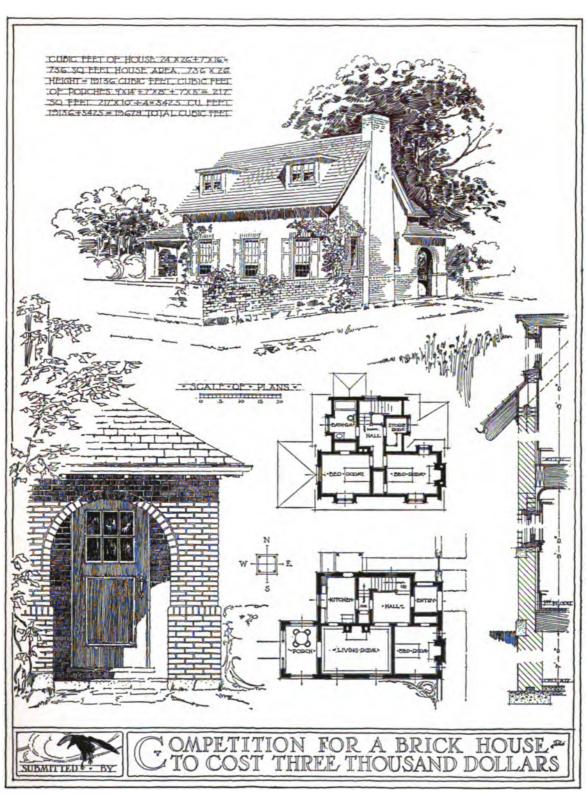
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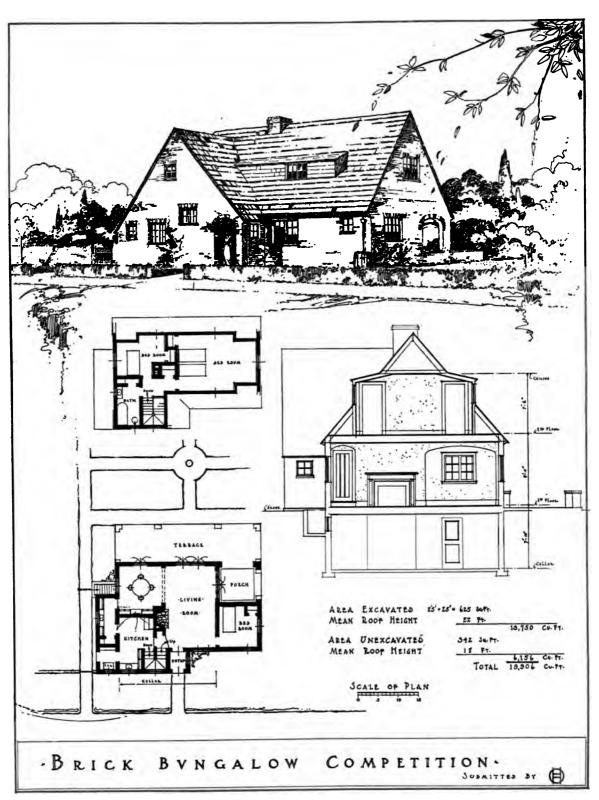
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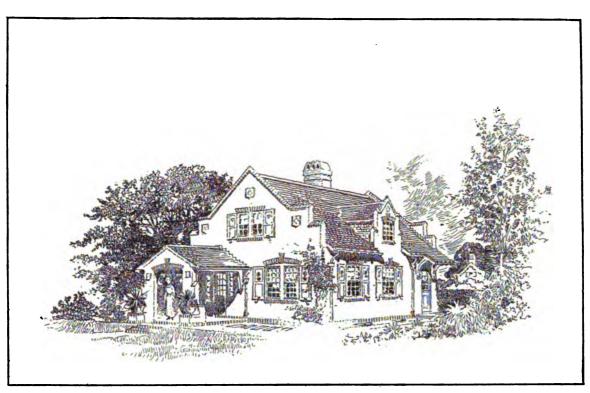
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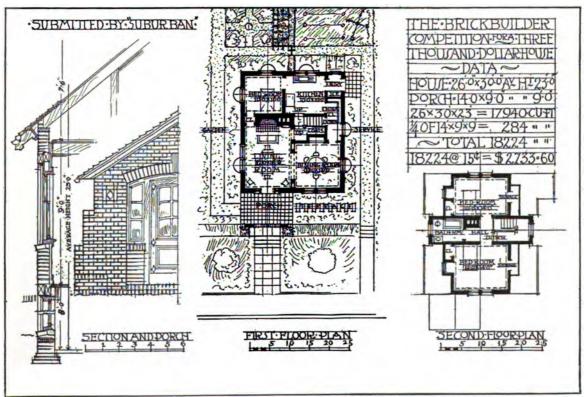


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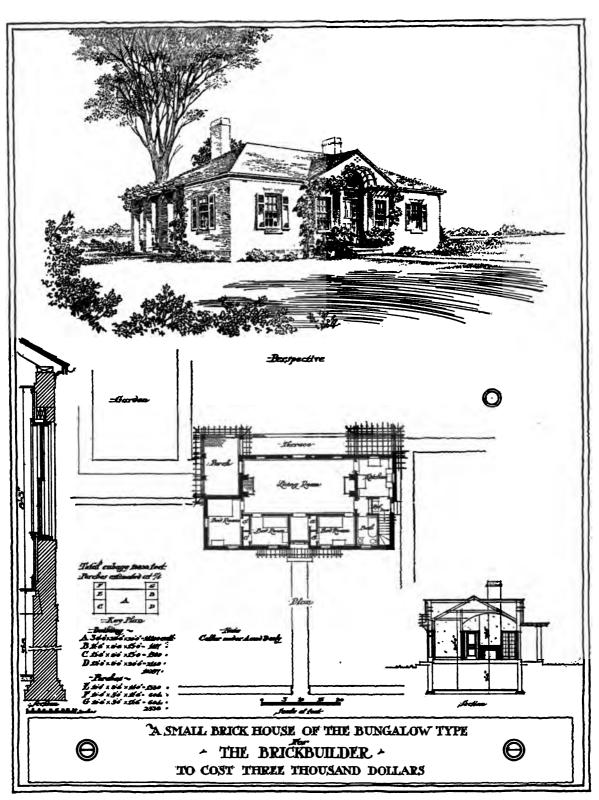


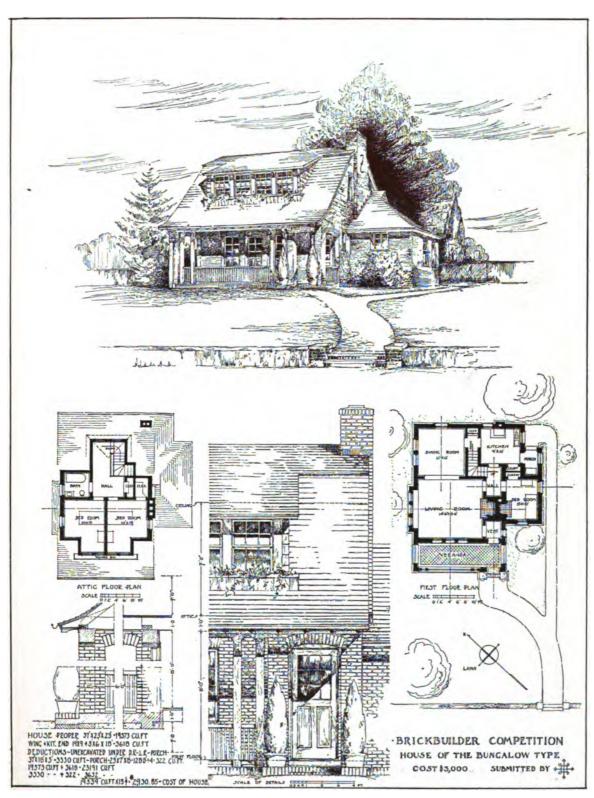
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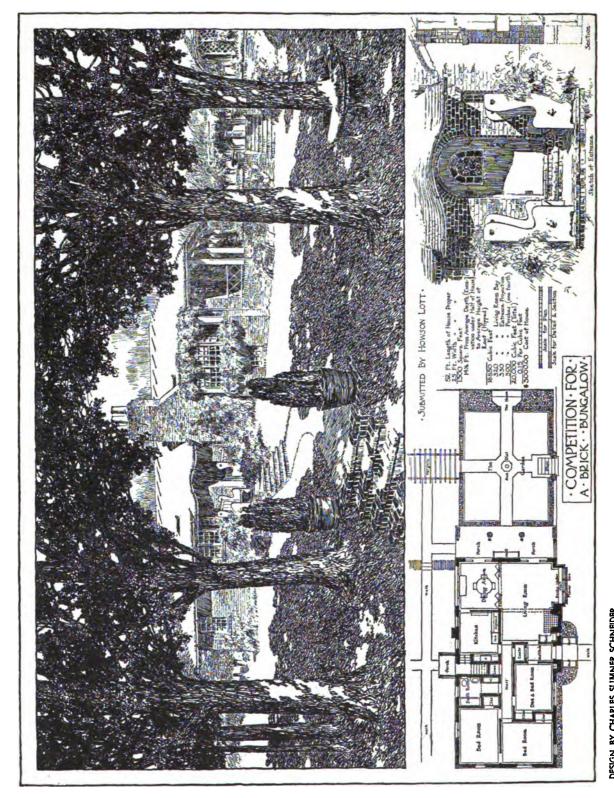


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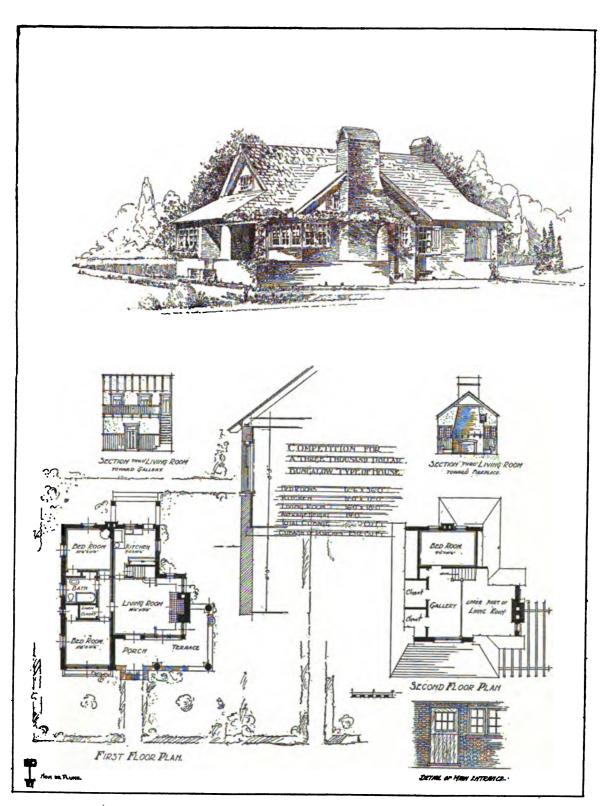


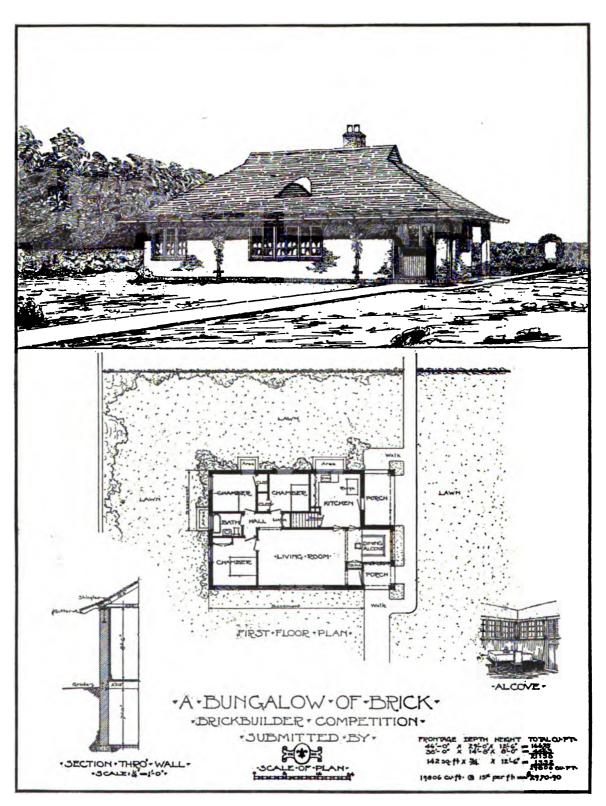


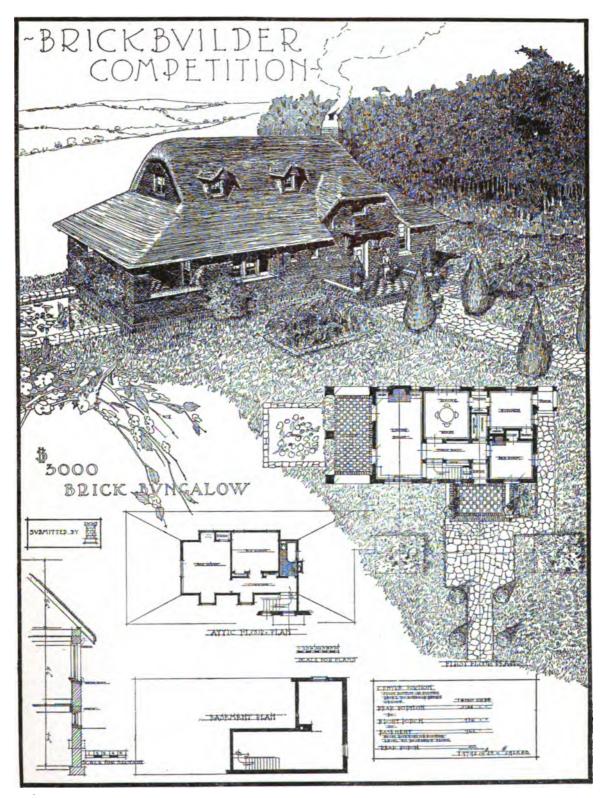
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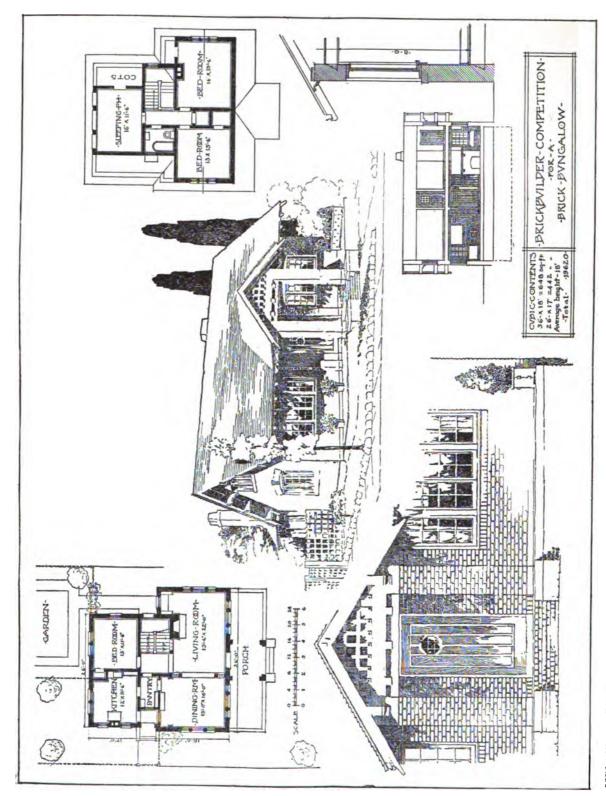
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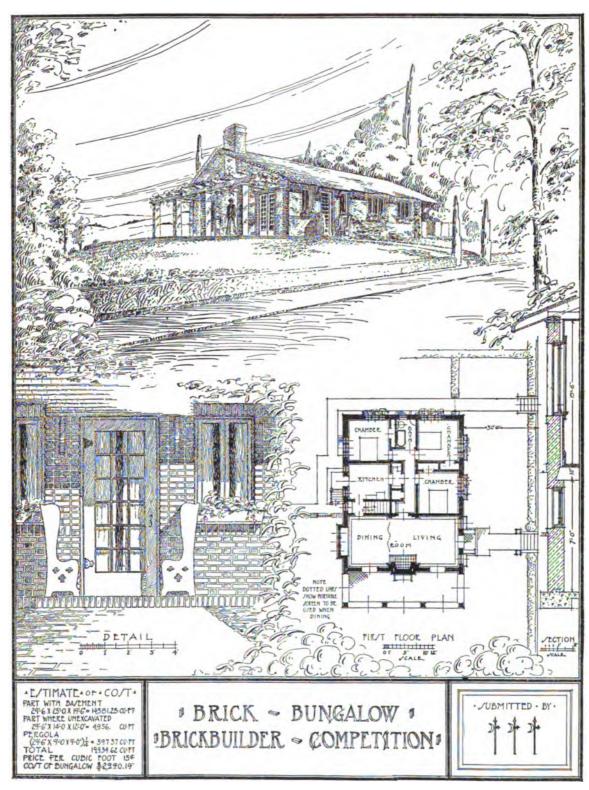


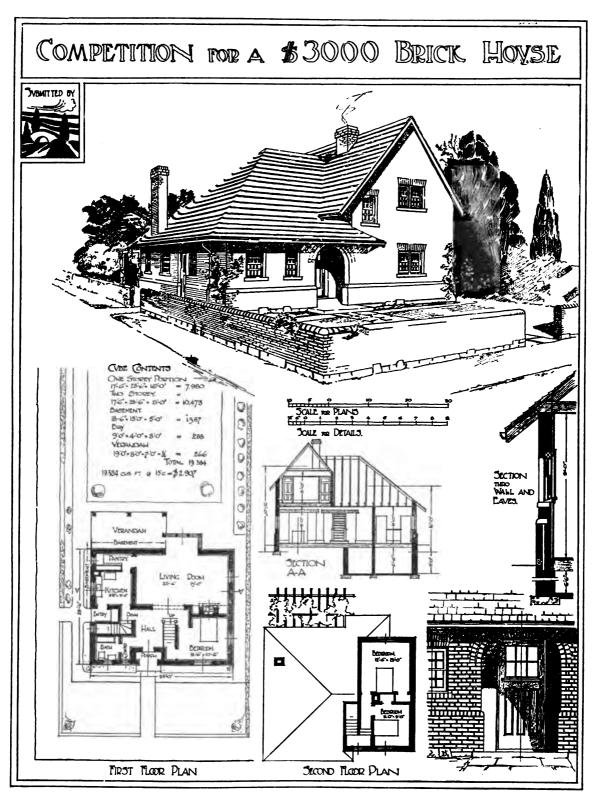


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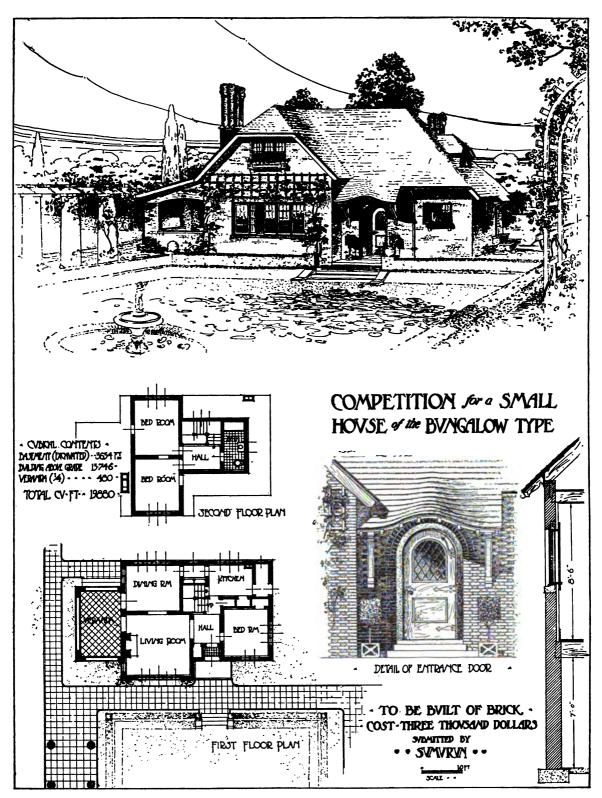


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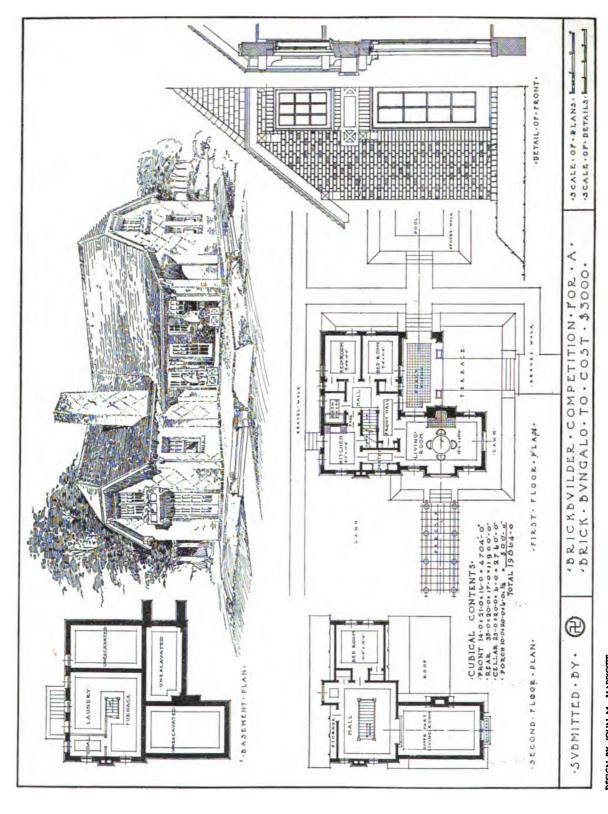




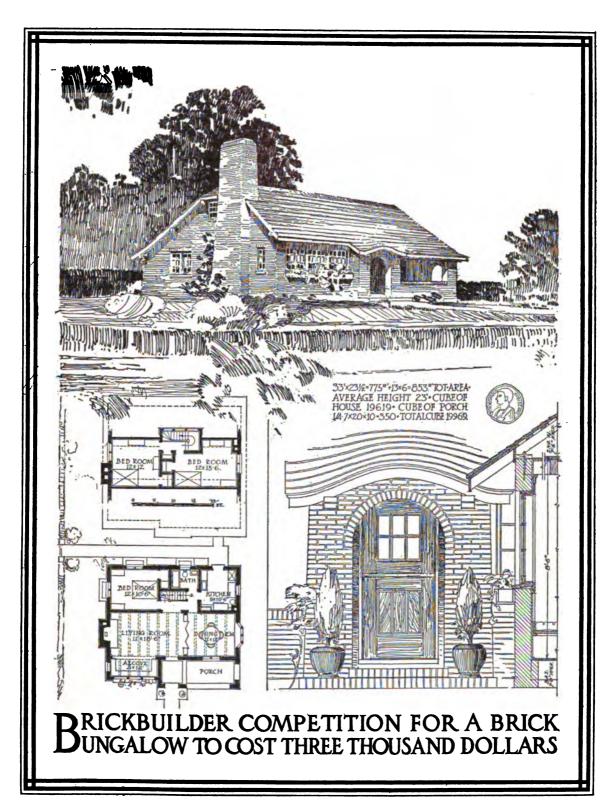
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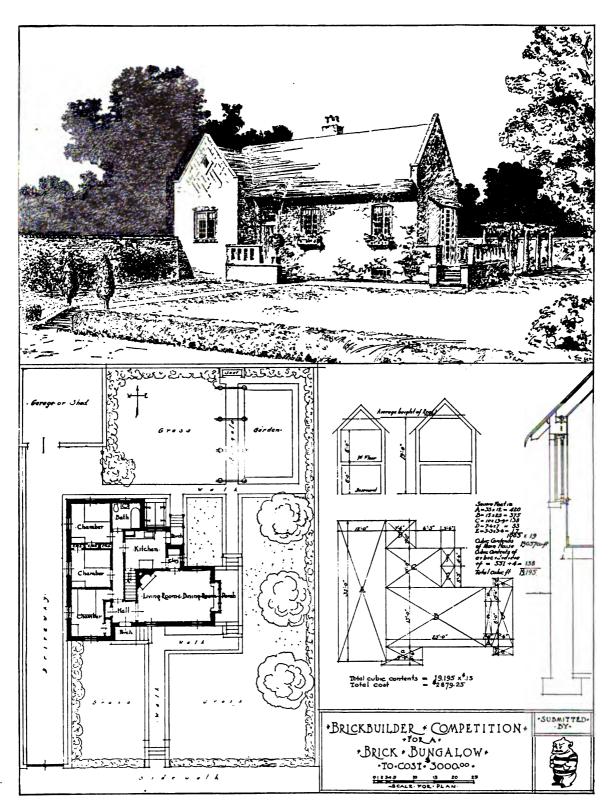


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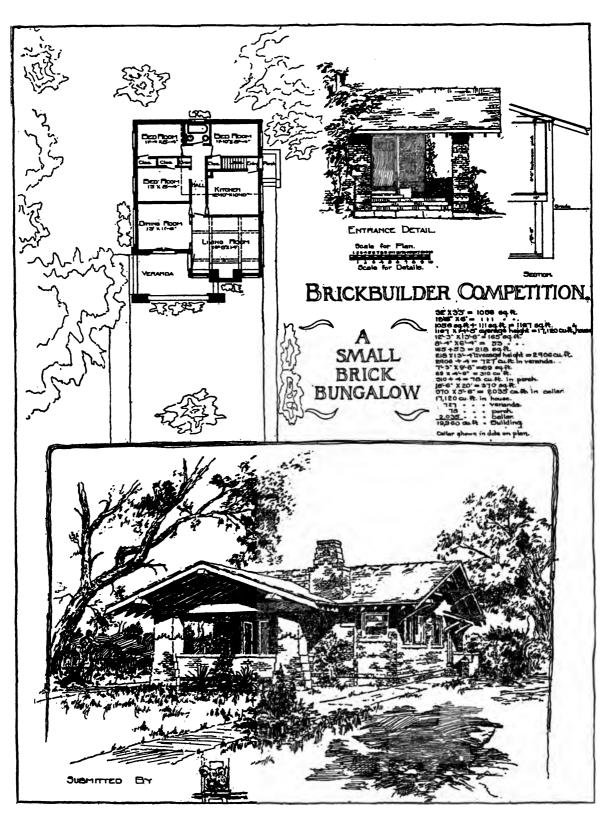


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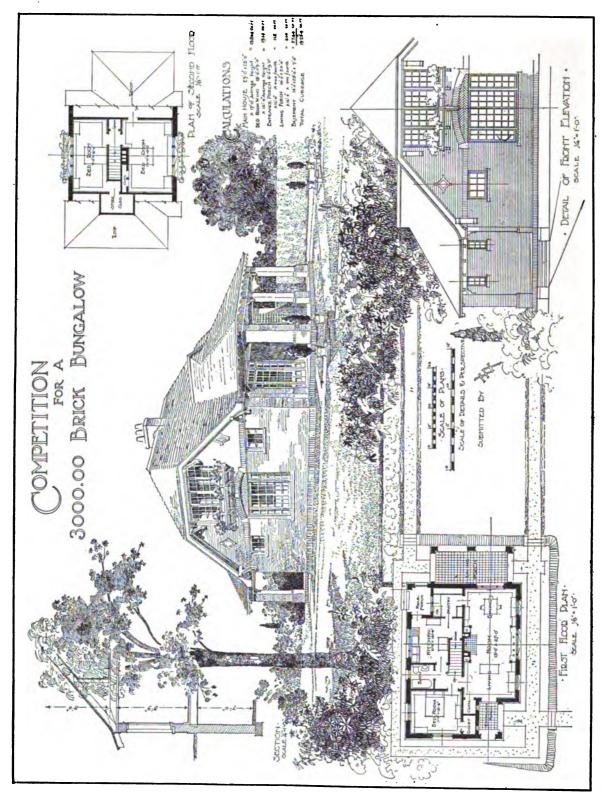




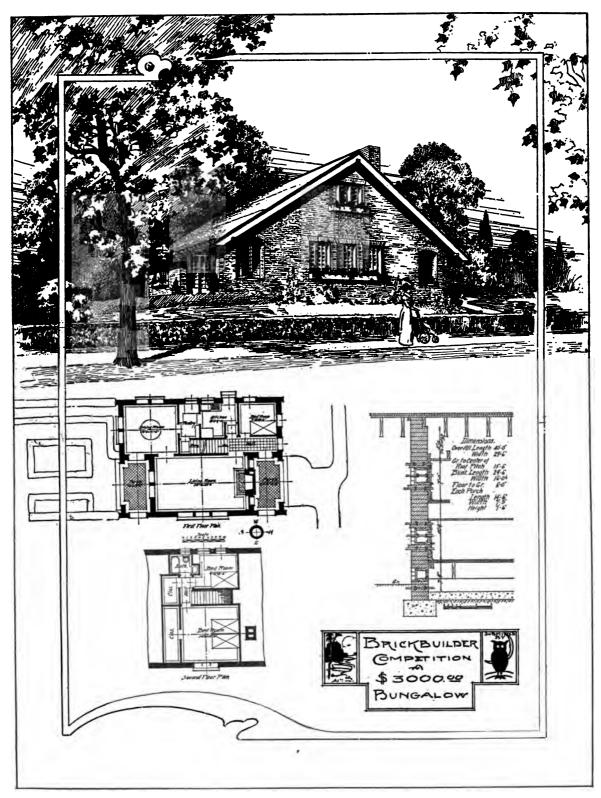
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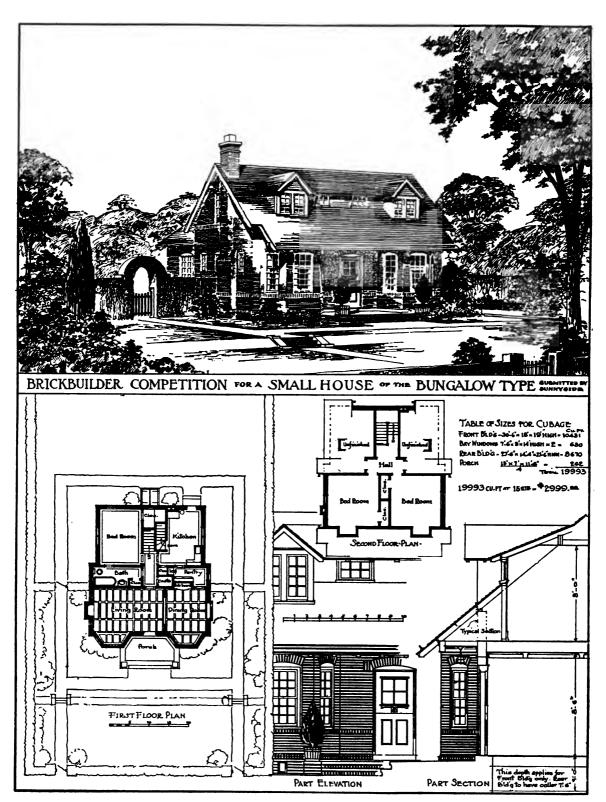
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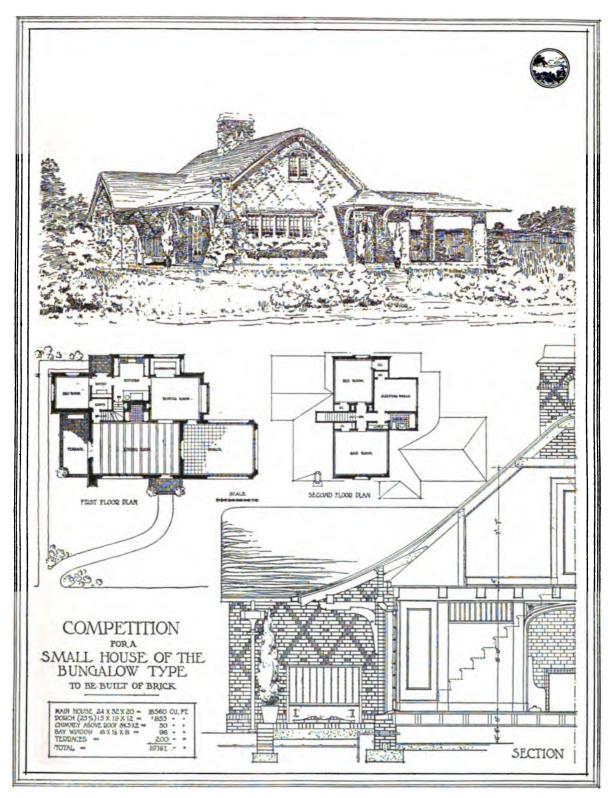
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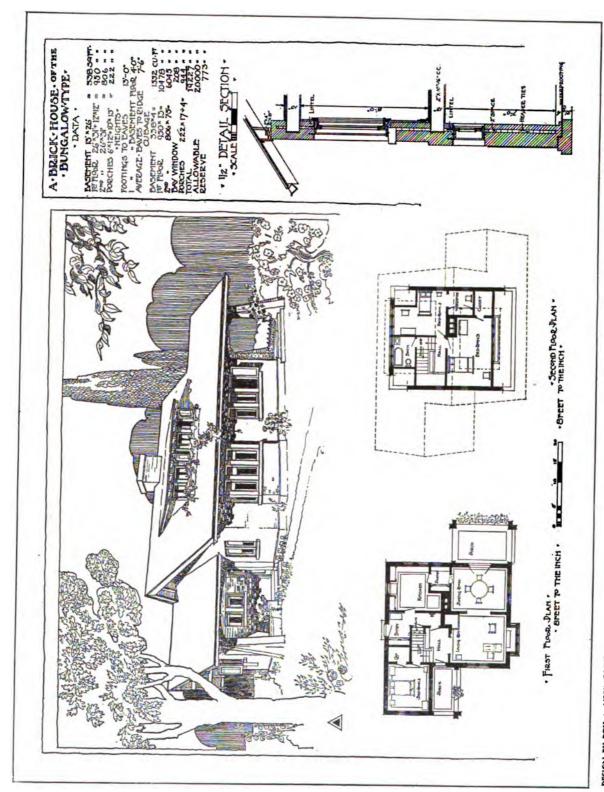
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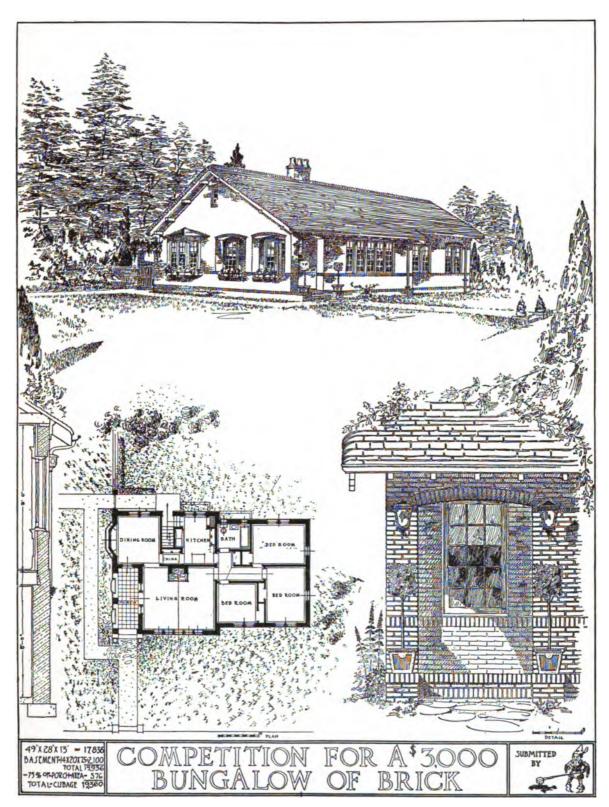
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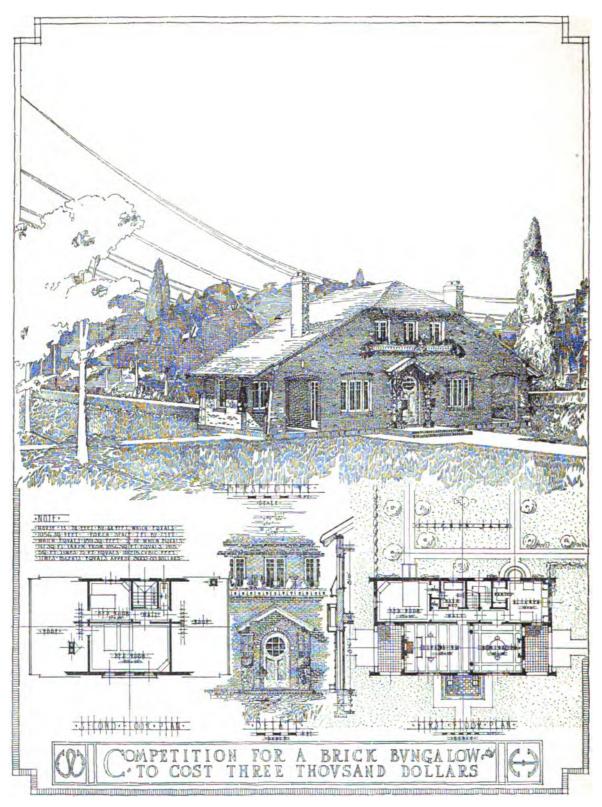
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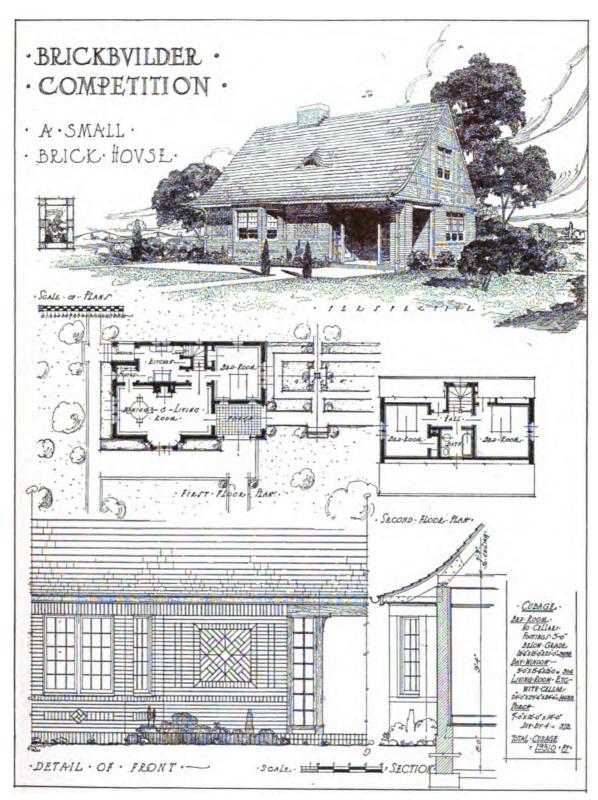
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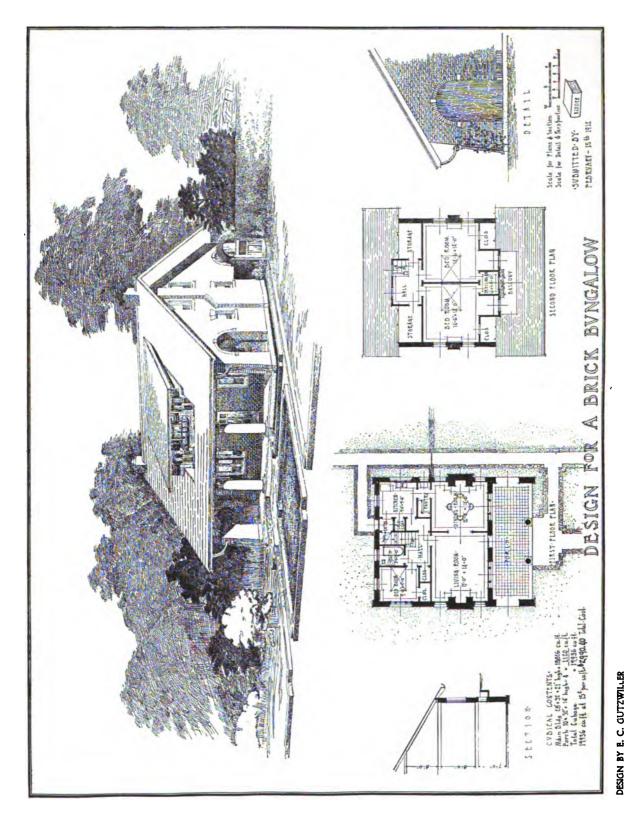


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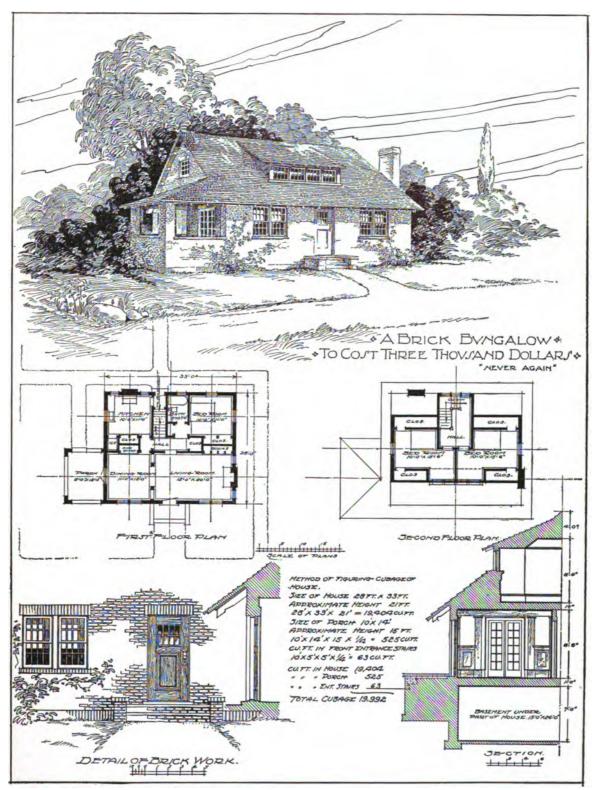


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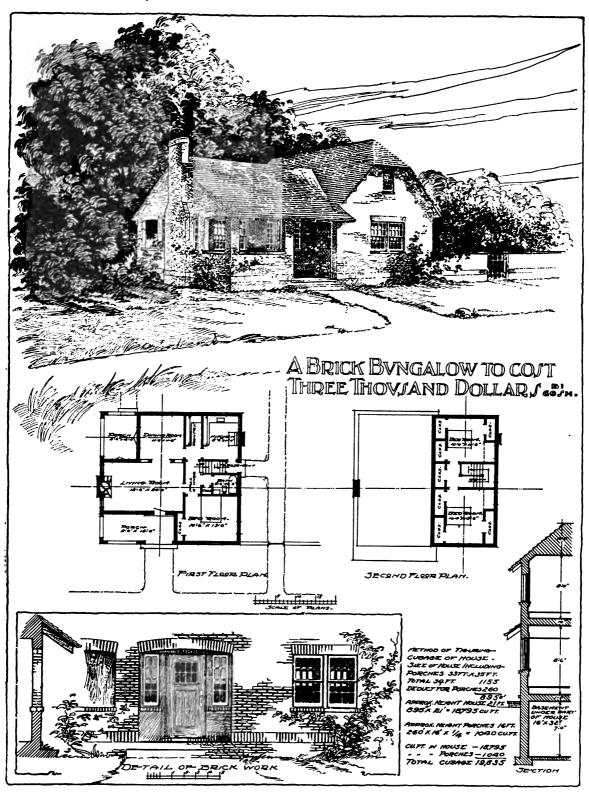




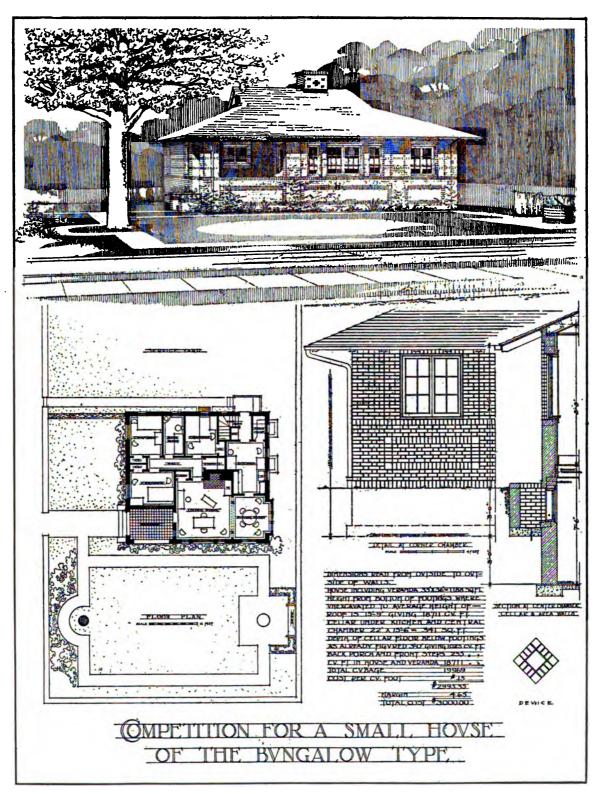
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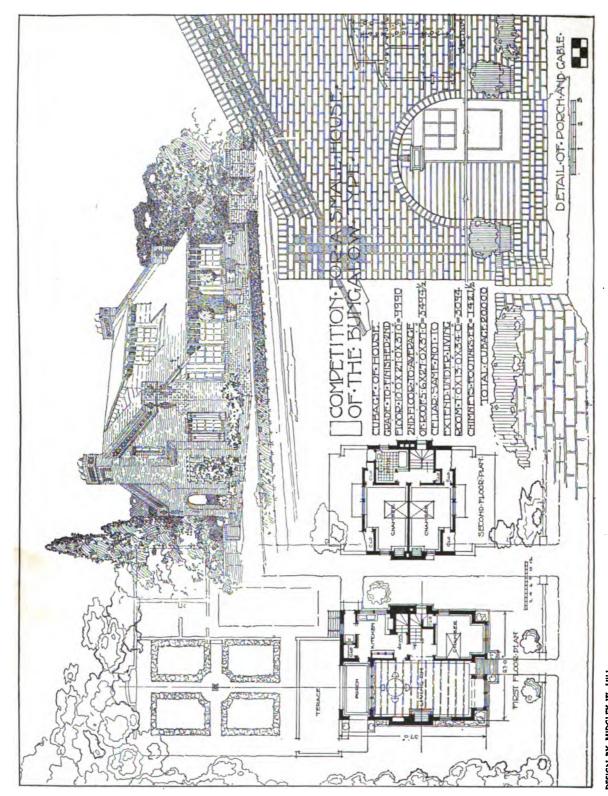
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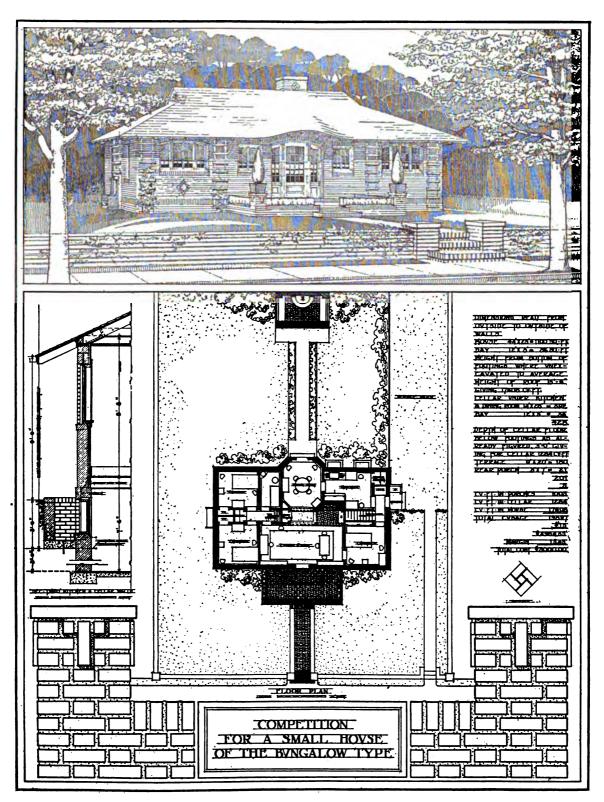
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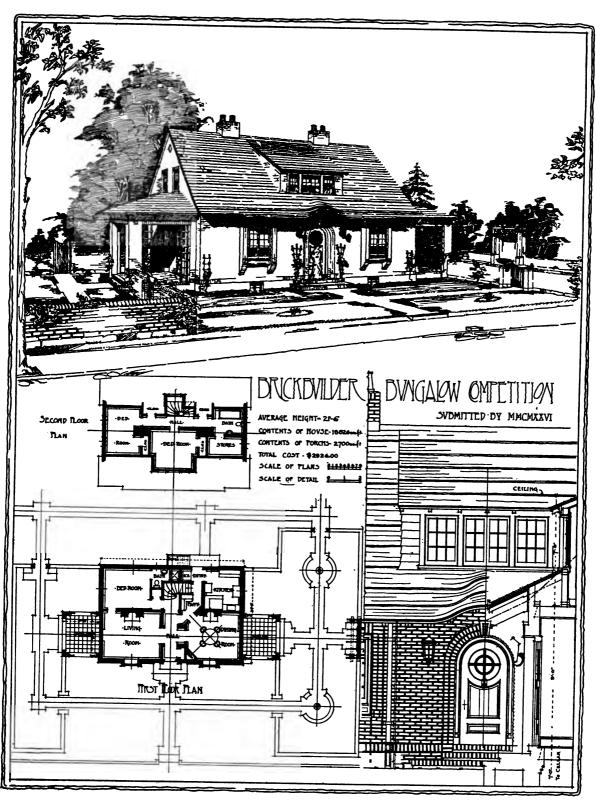


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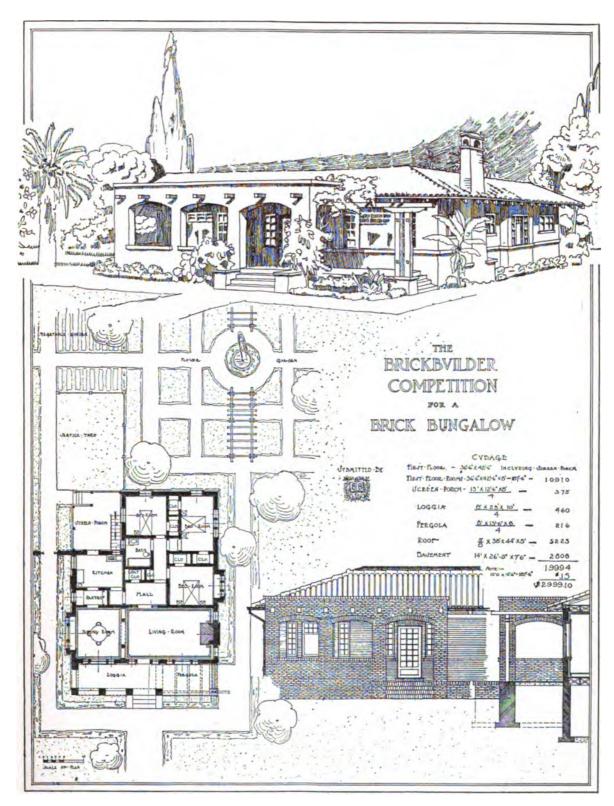


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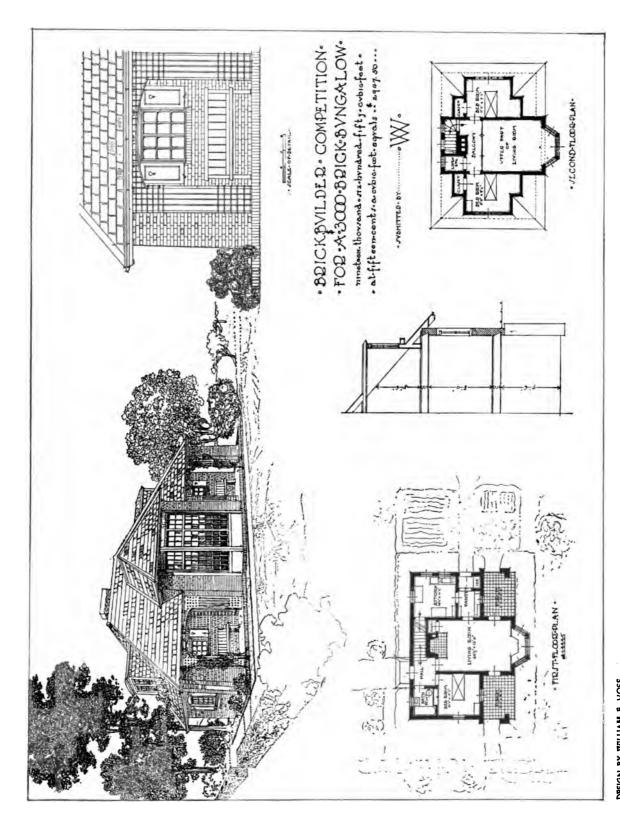




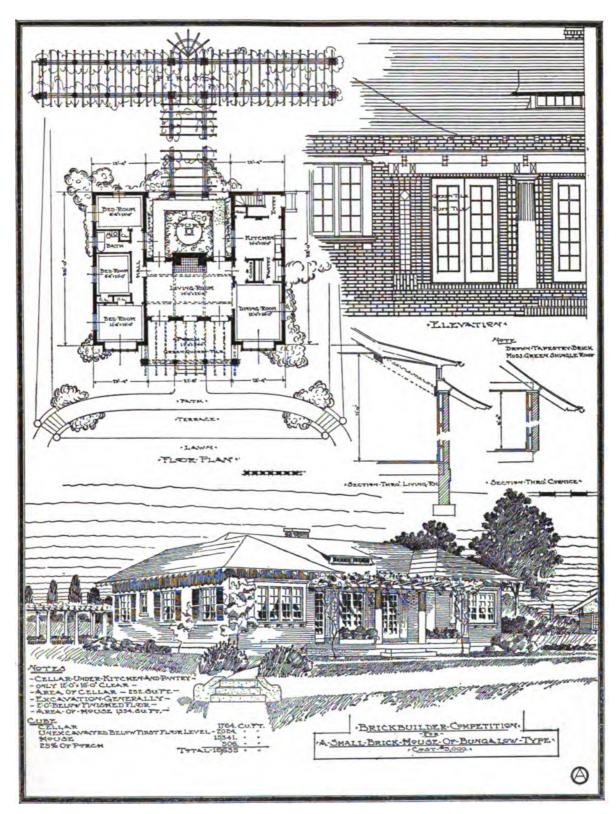
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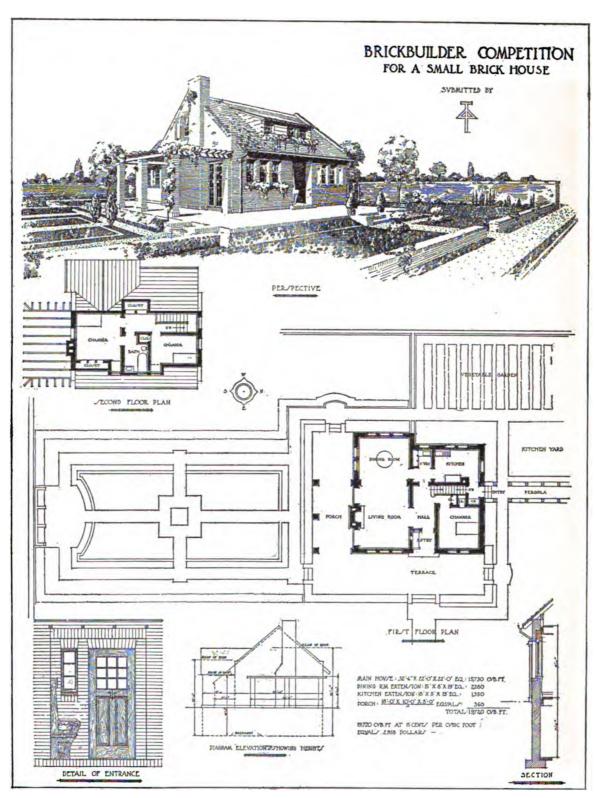
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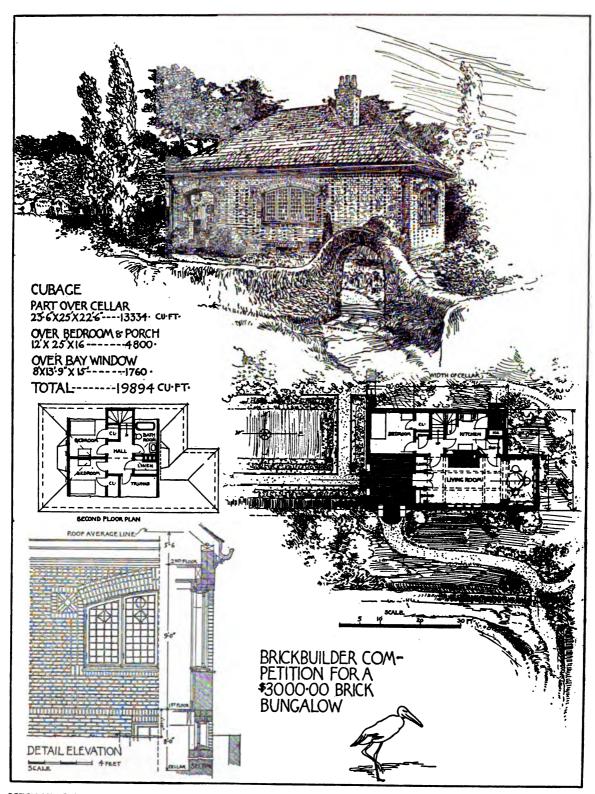
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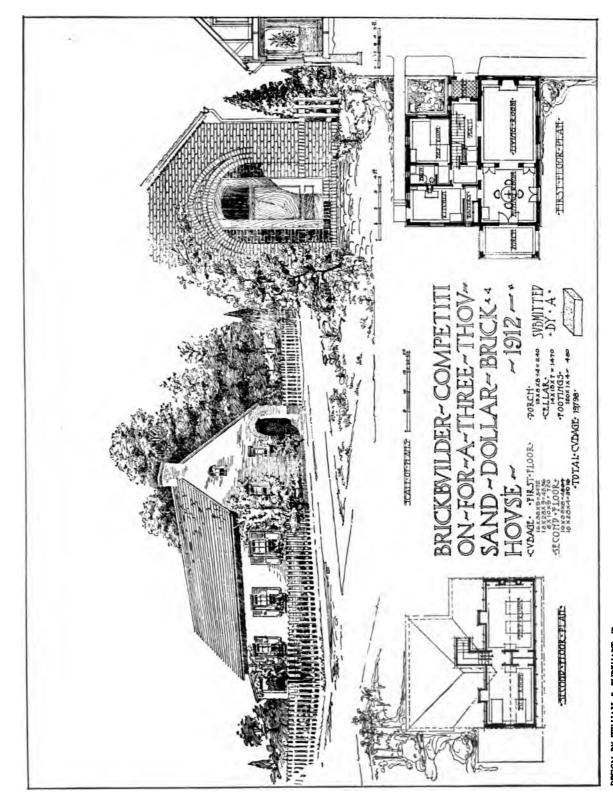
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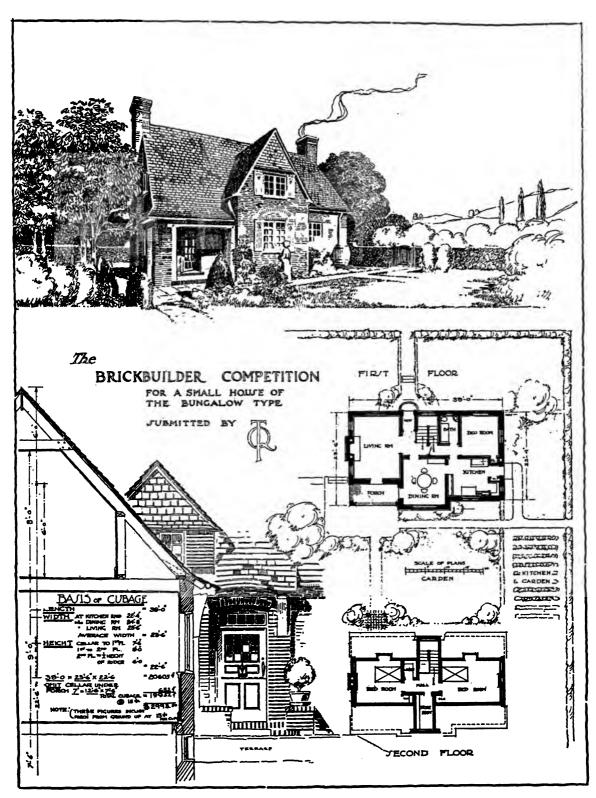
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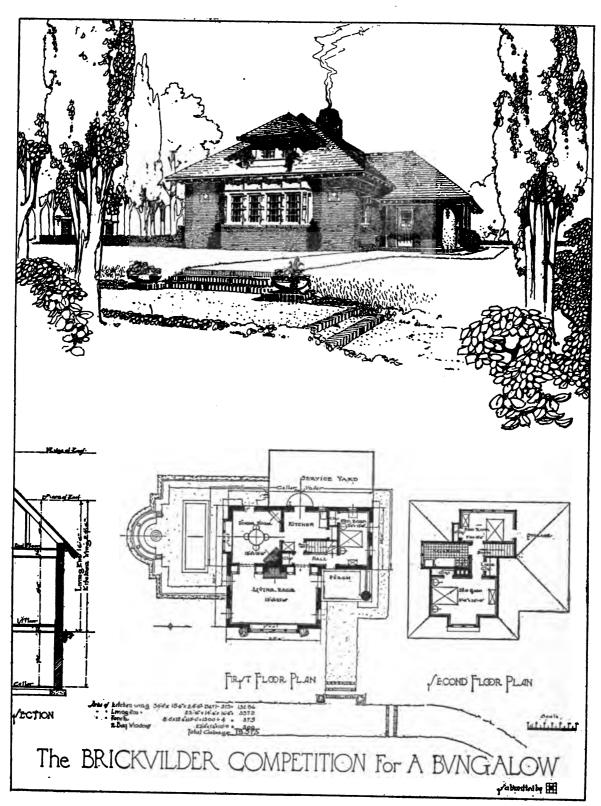
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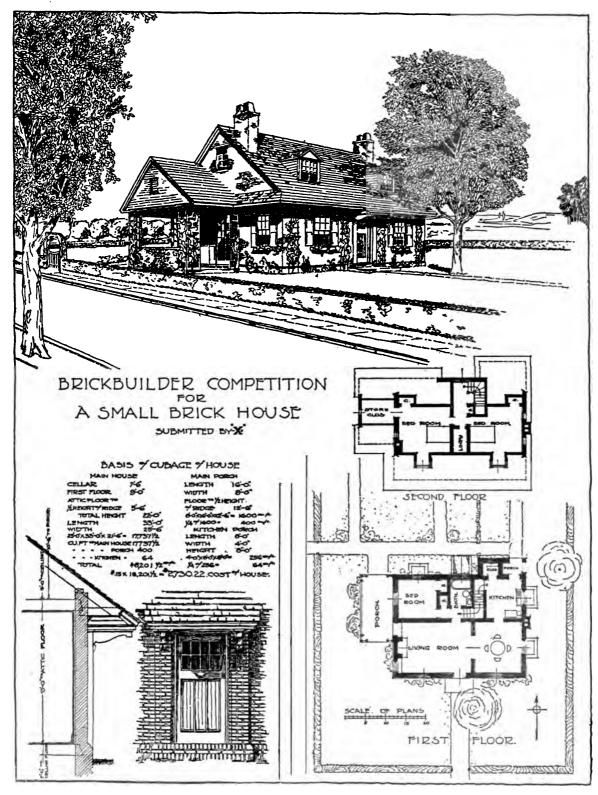


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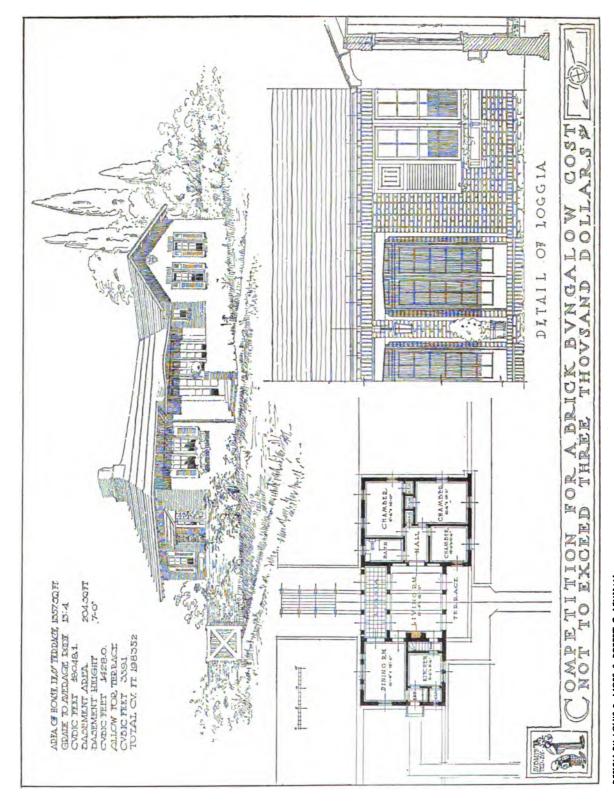


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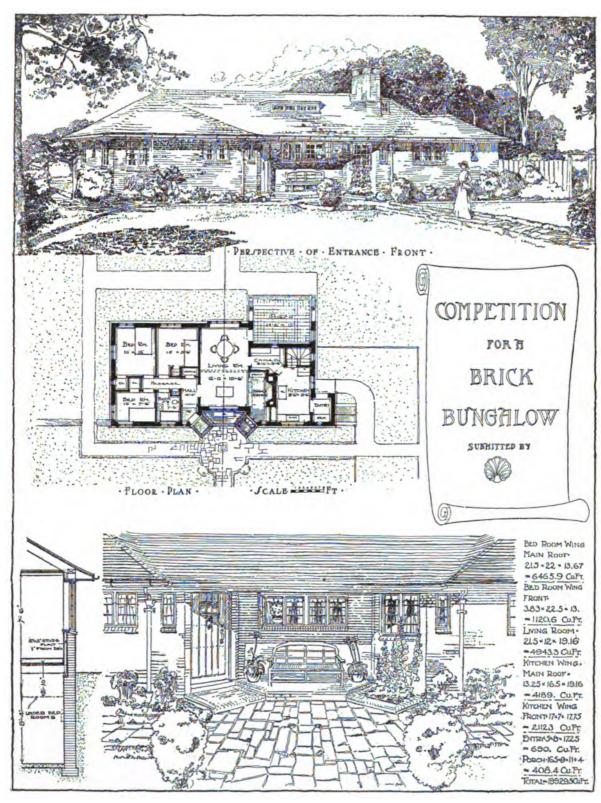




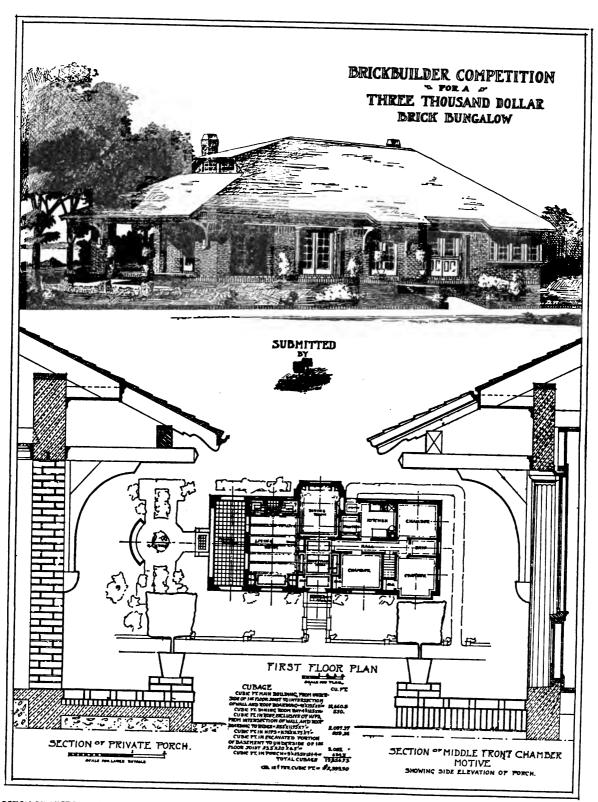
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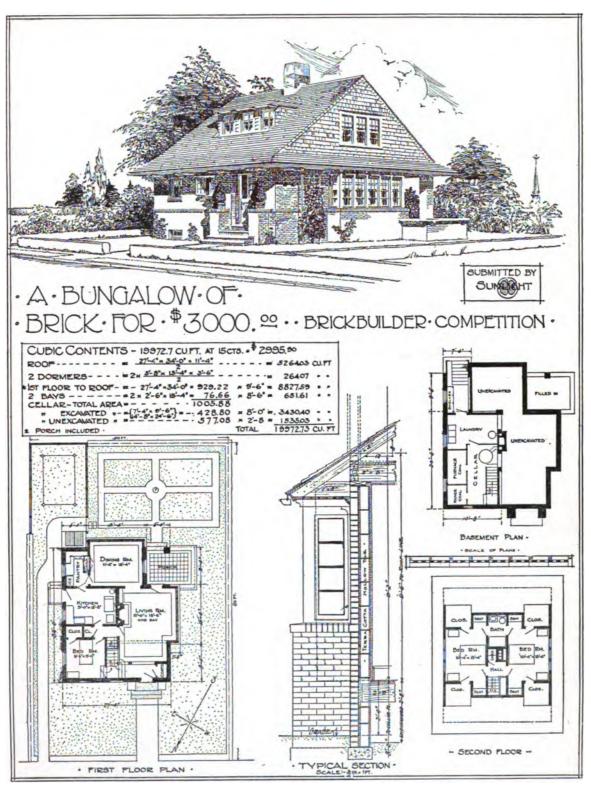


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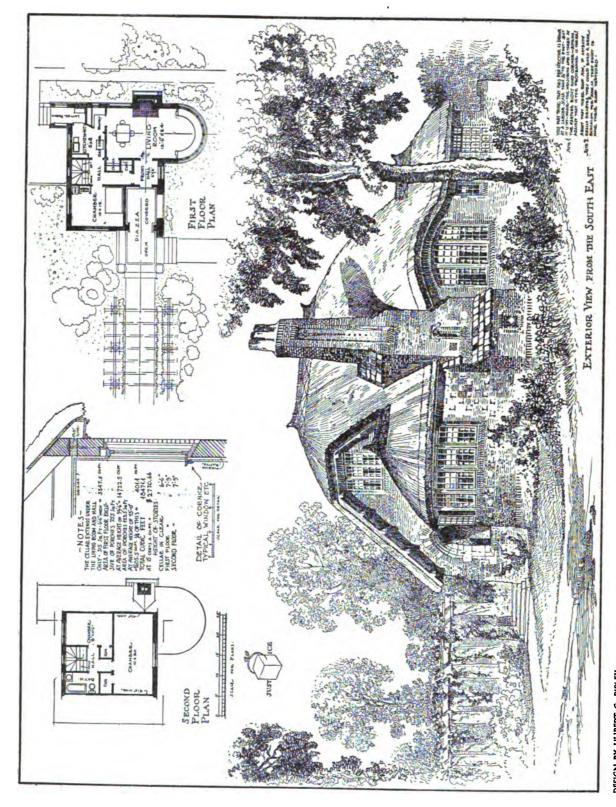


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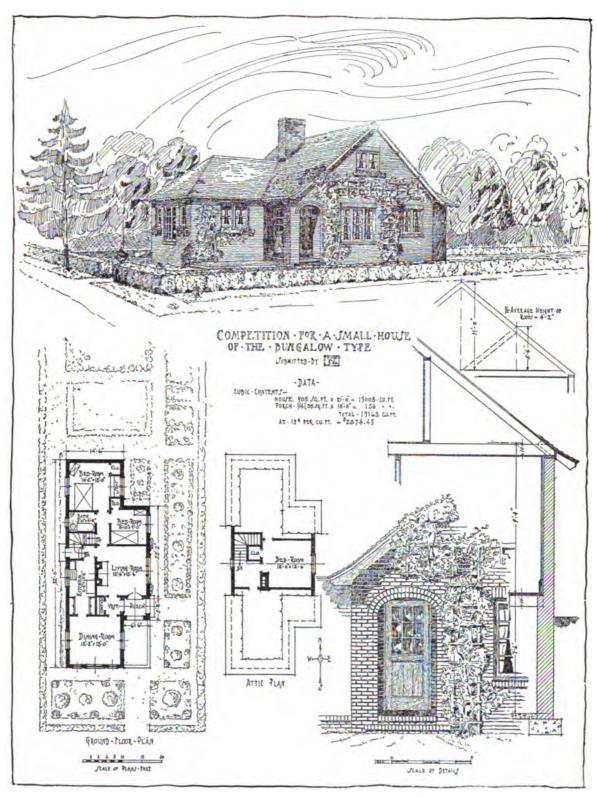




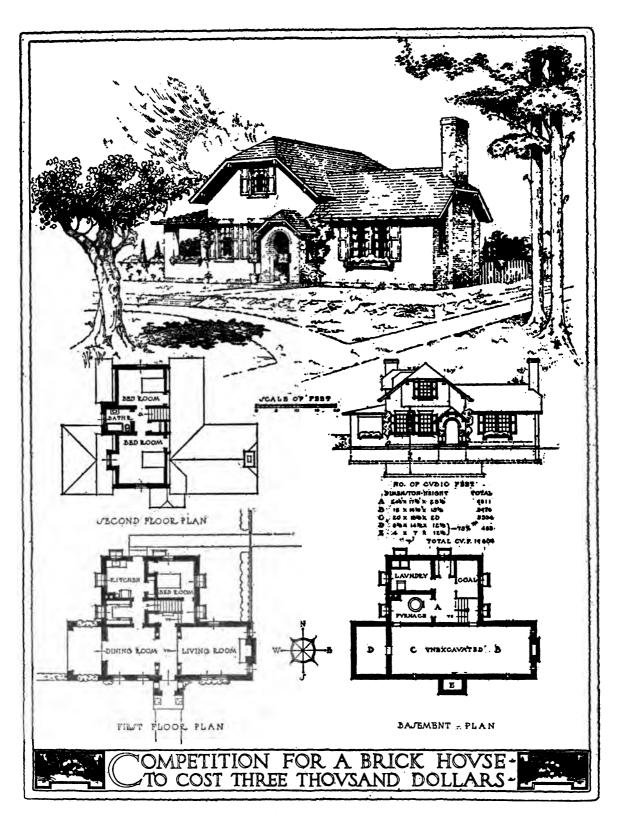
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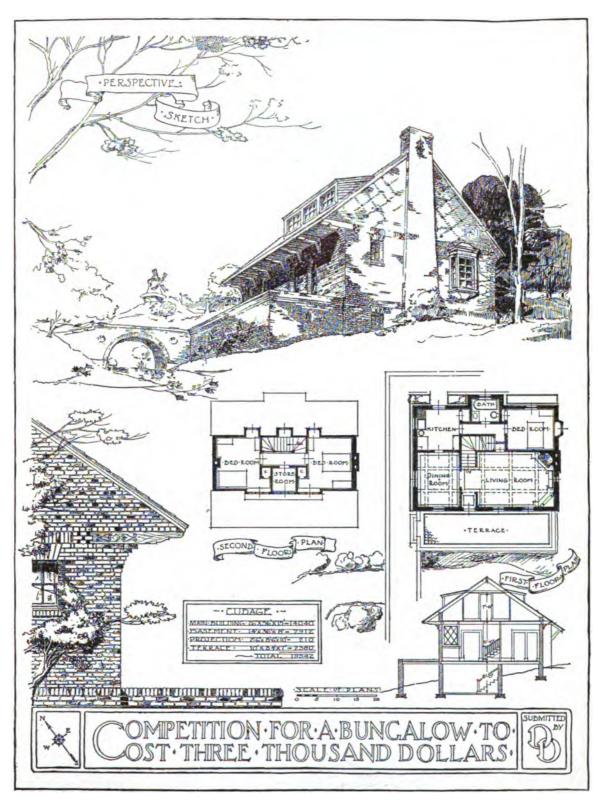


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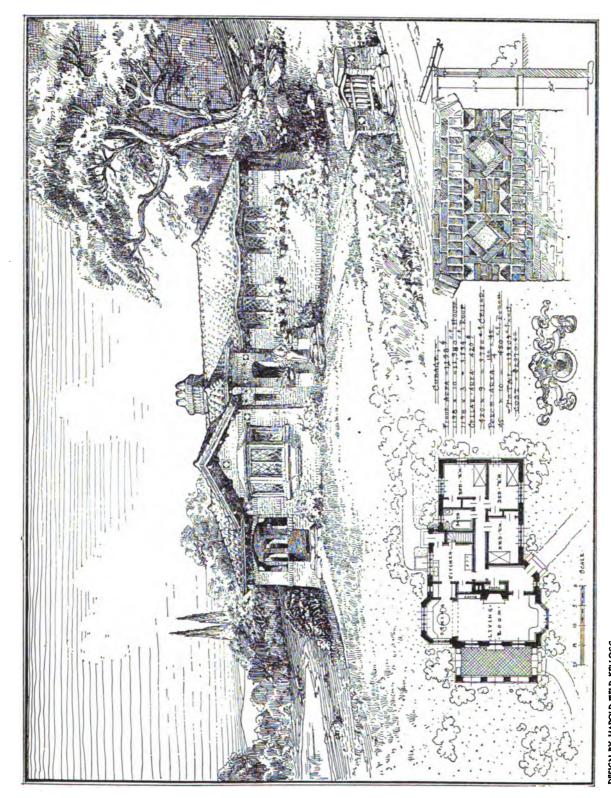


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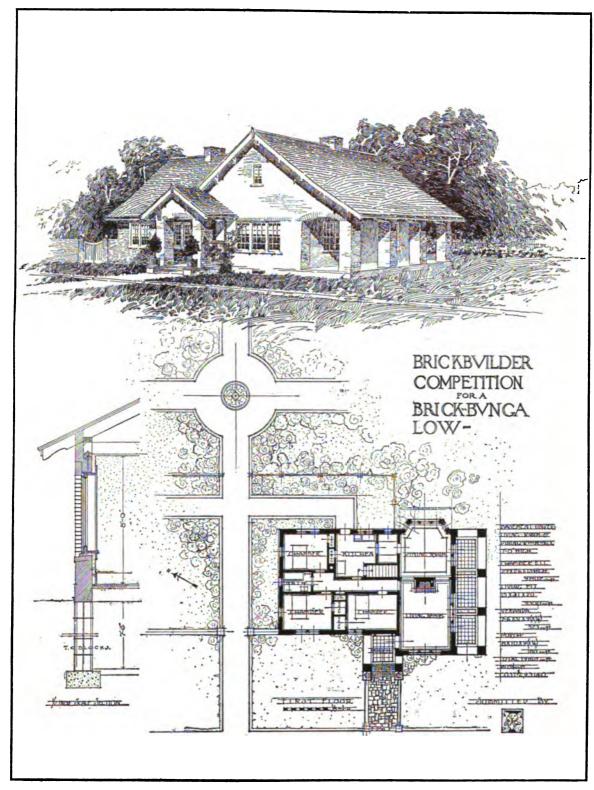




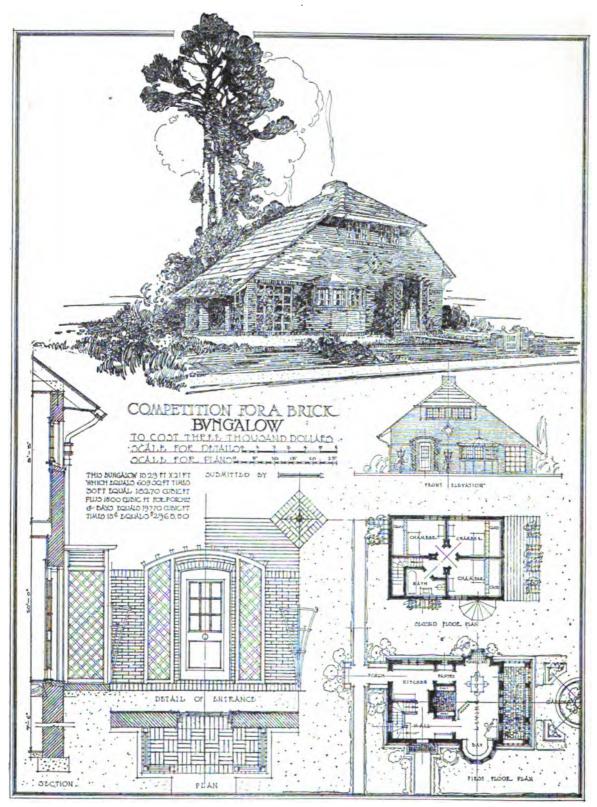
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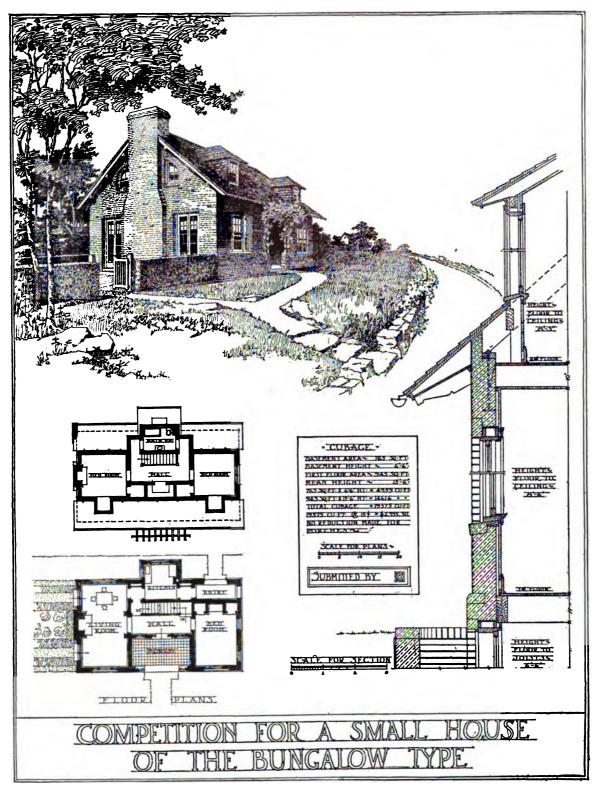
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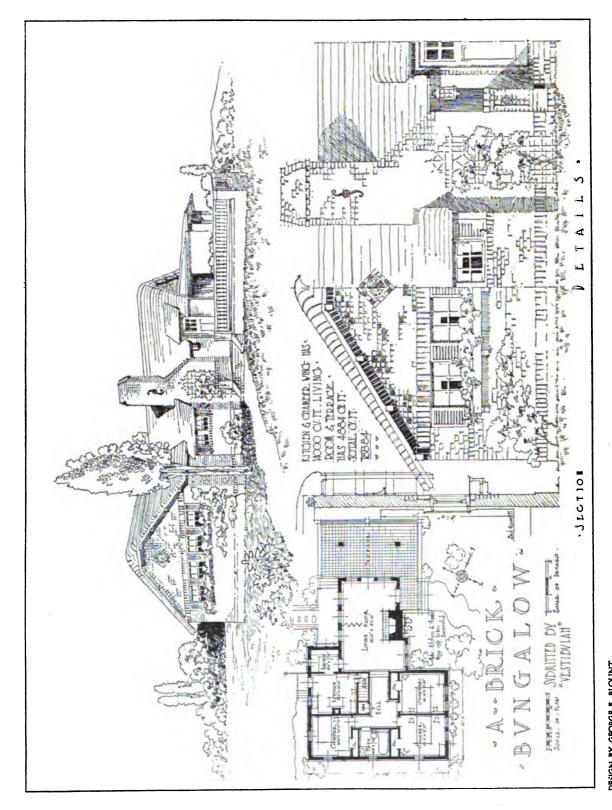
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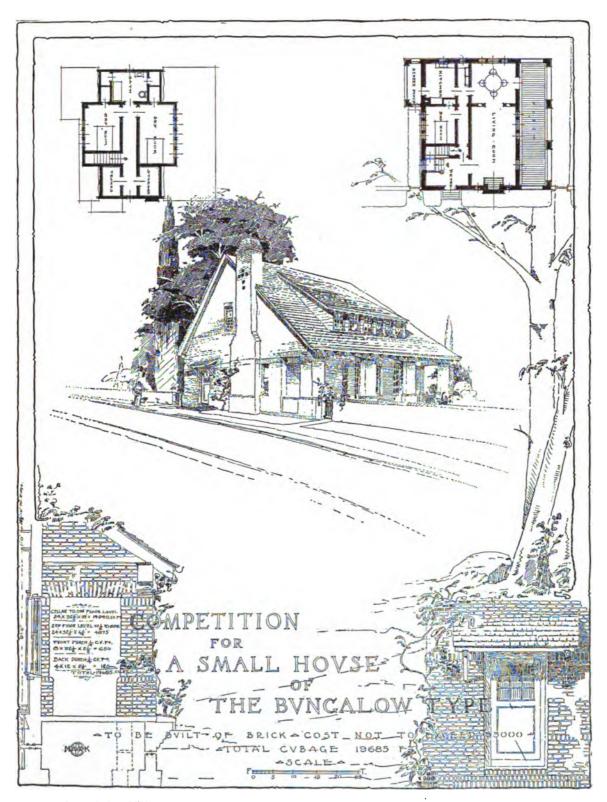
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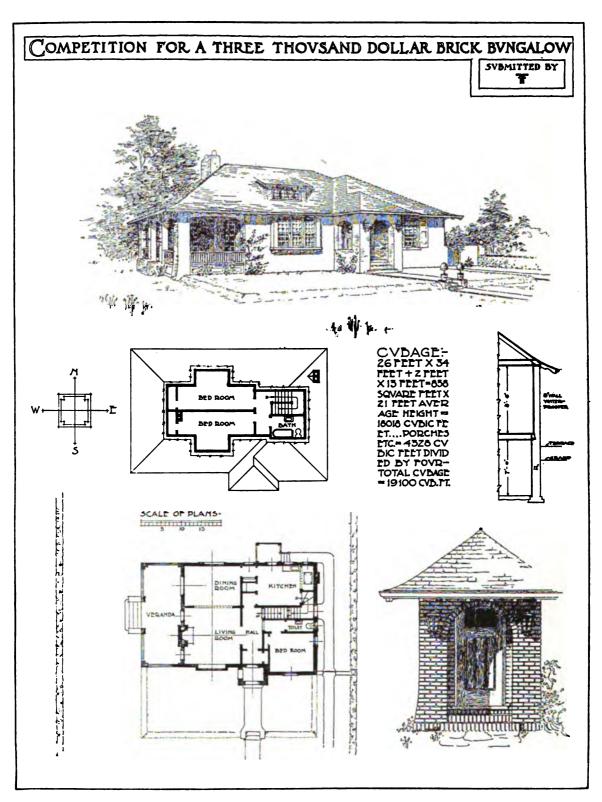
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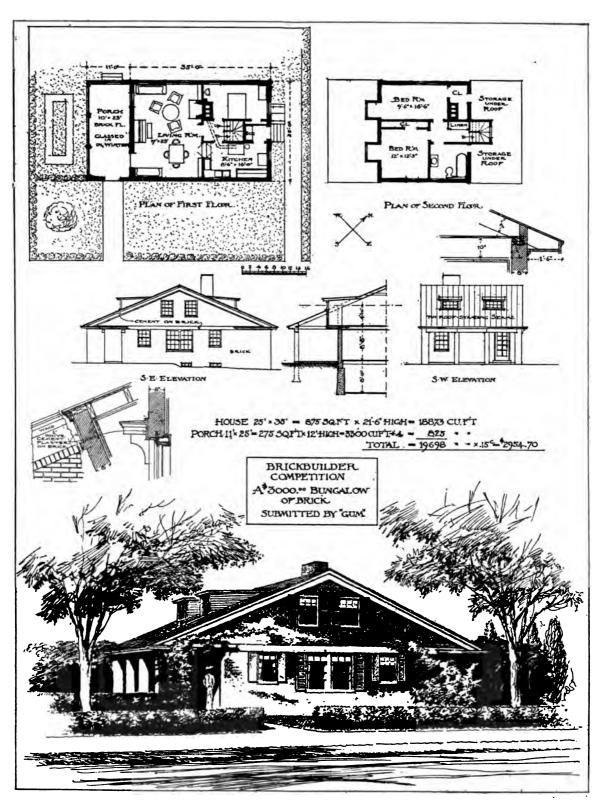


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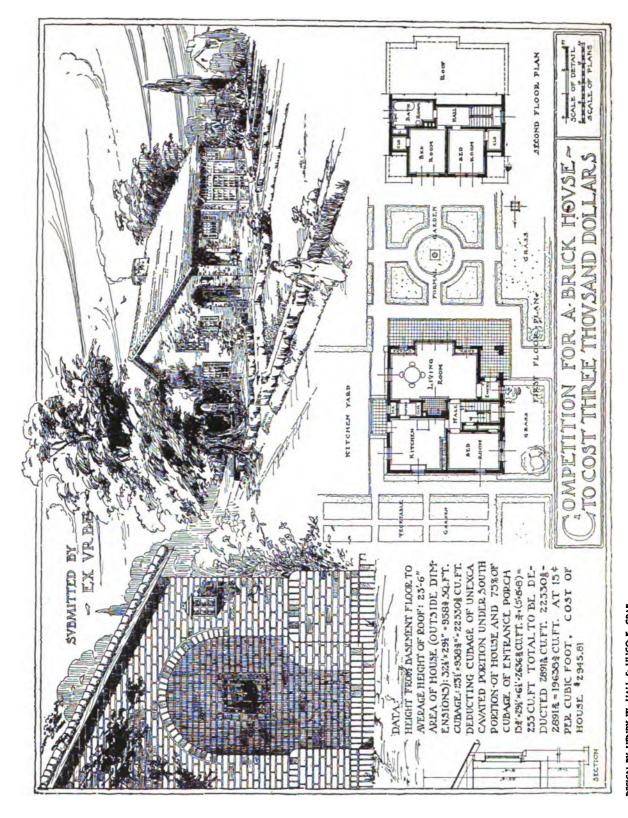


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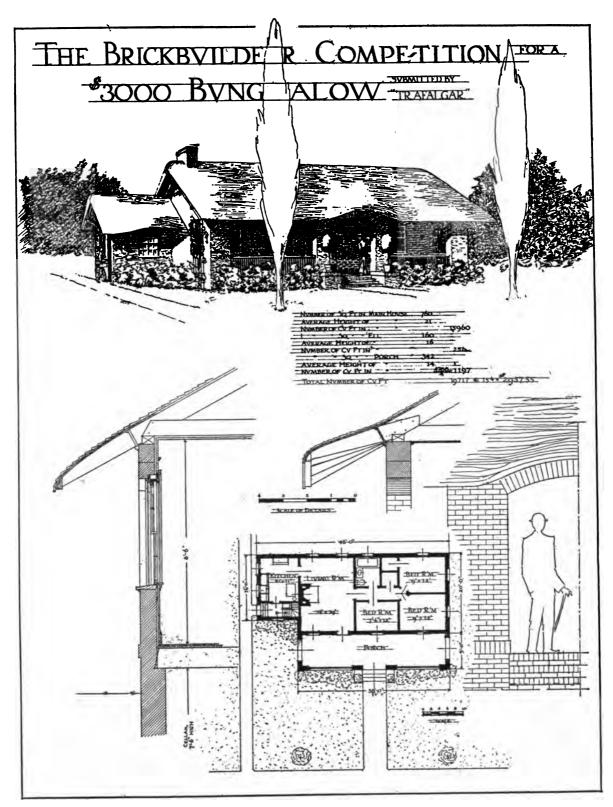


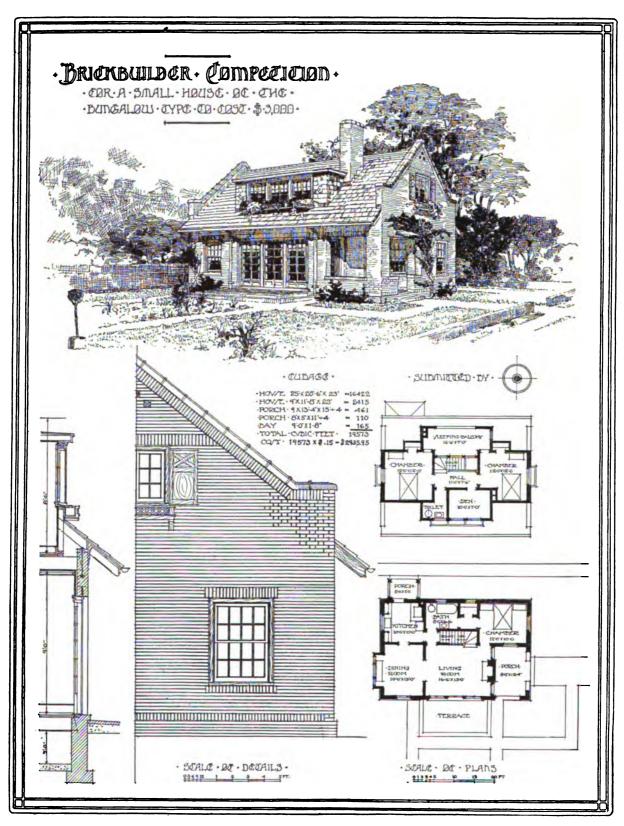


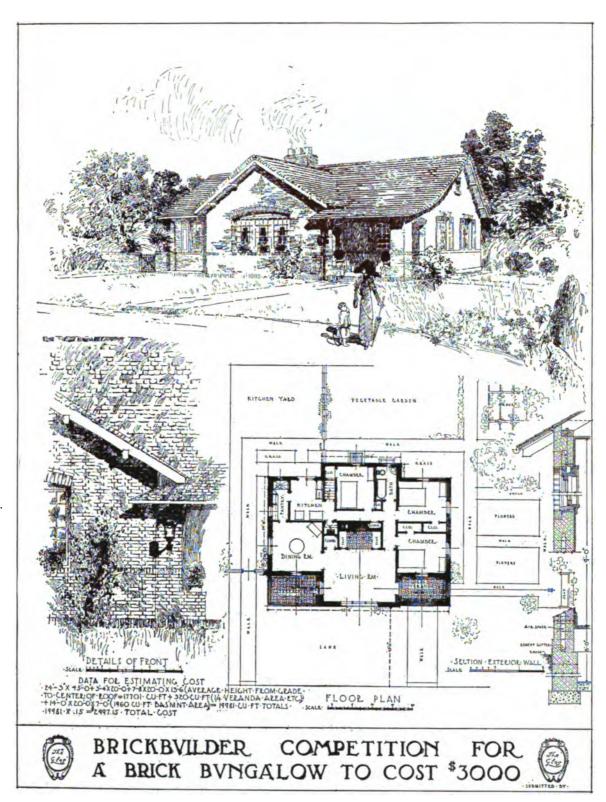
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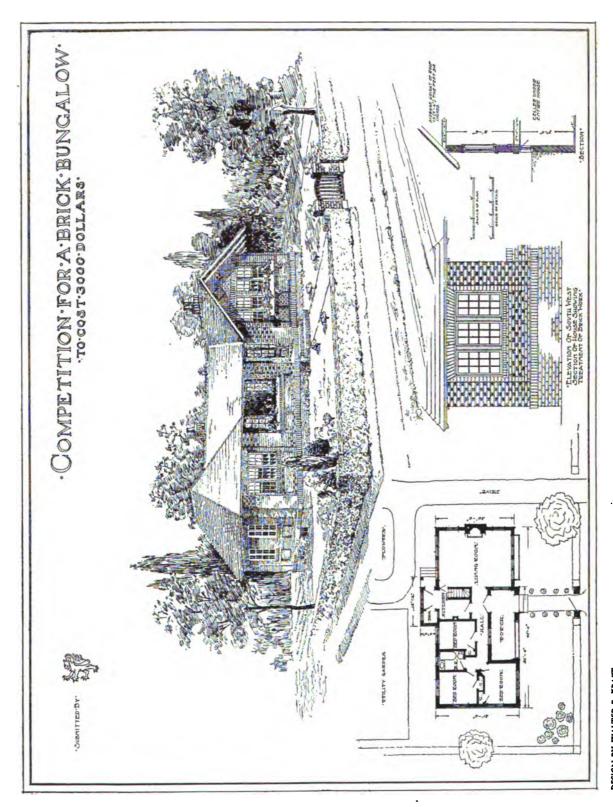
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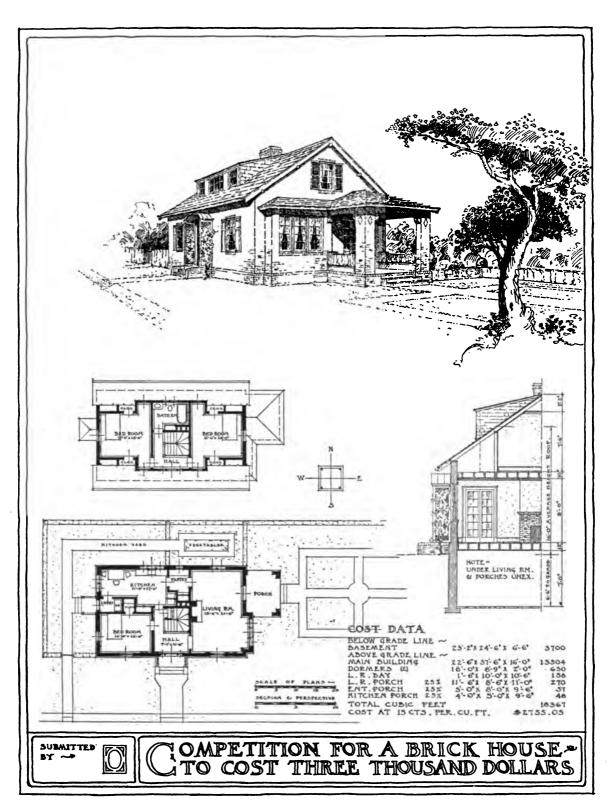


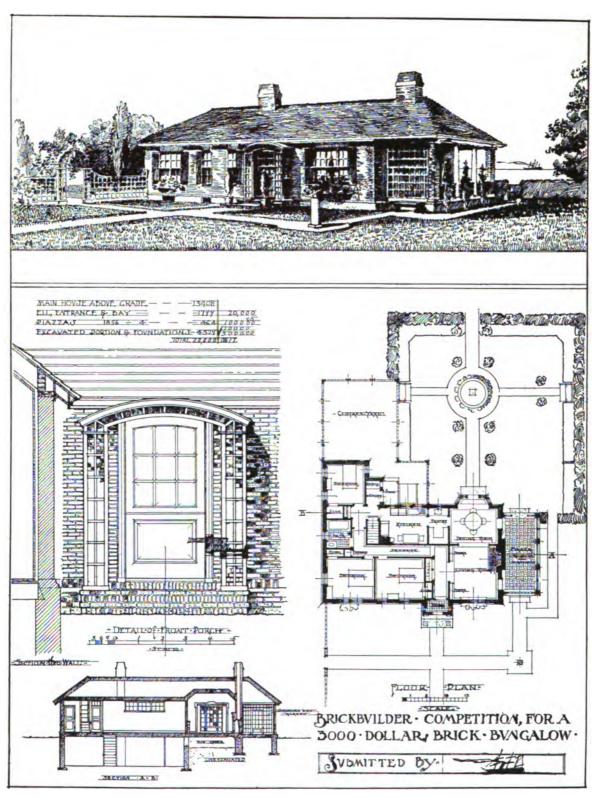


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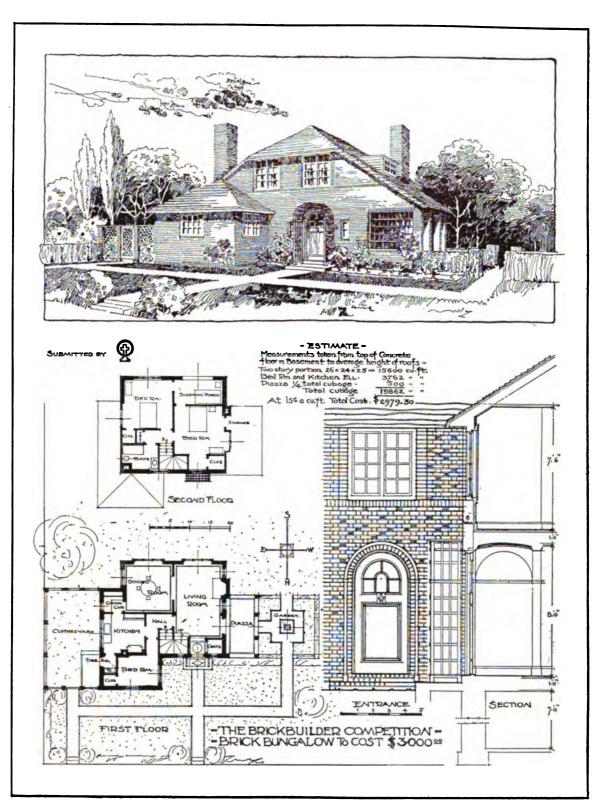


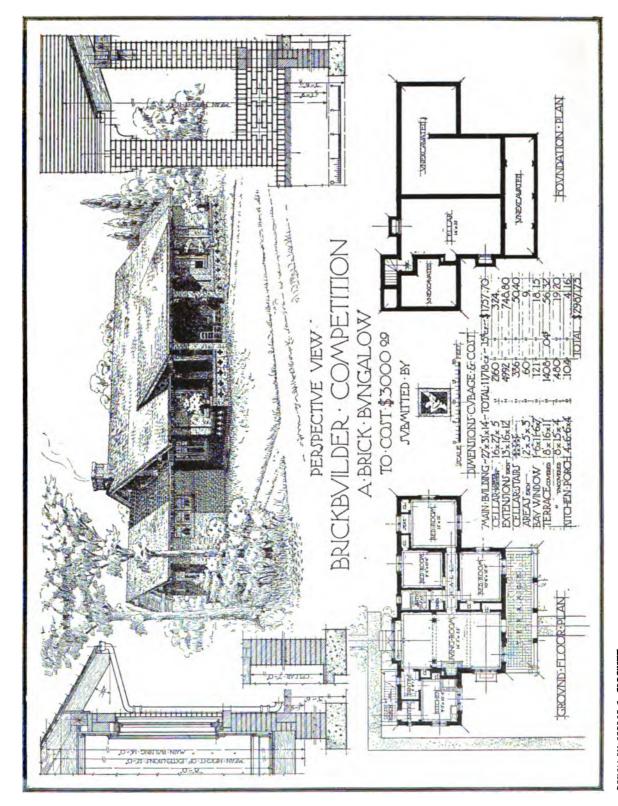
DESIGN BY WALTER F. KRAFT 57 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.



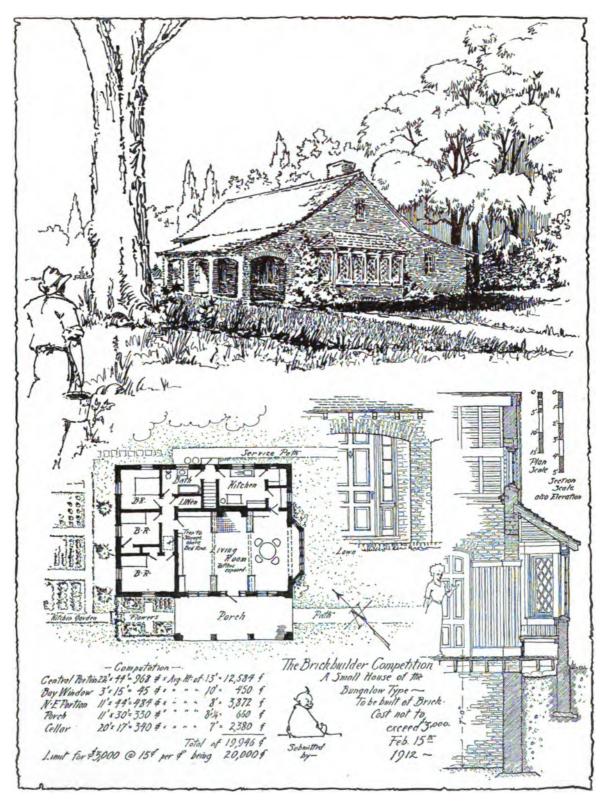


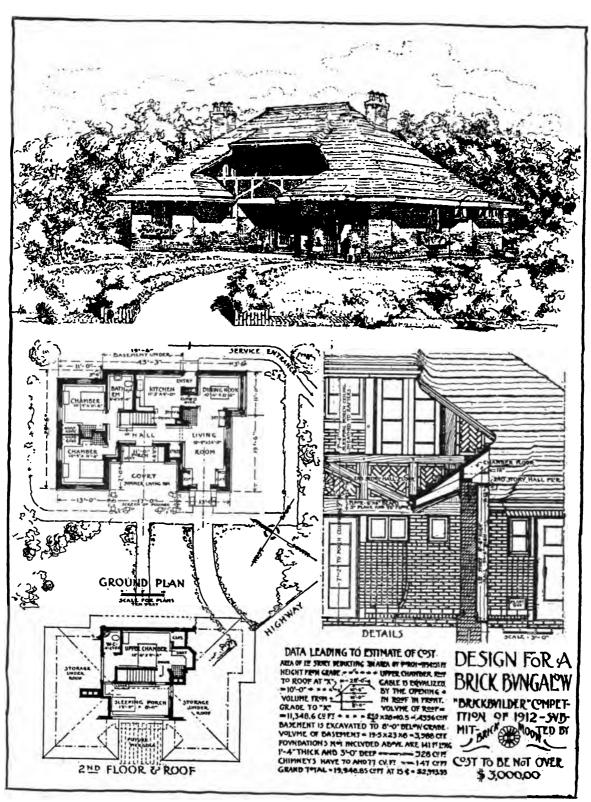
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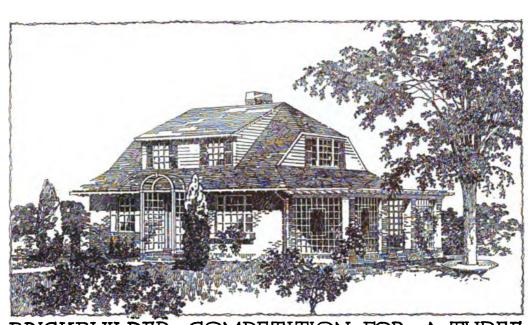


DESIGN BY GEORGE G. CROCKETT 436 Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.

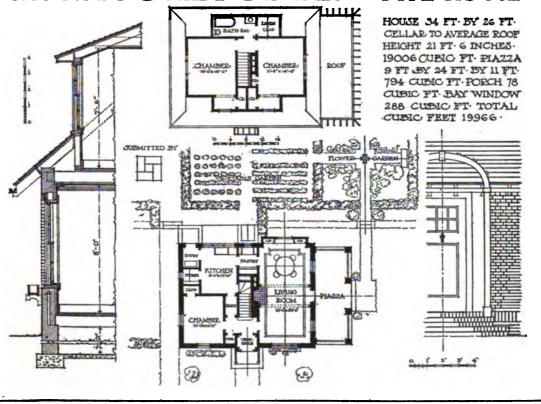


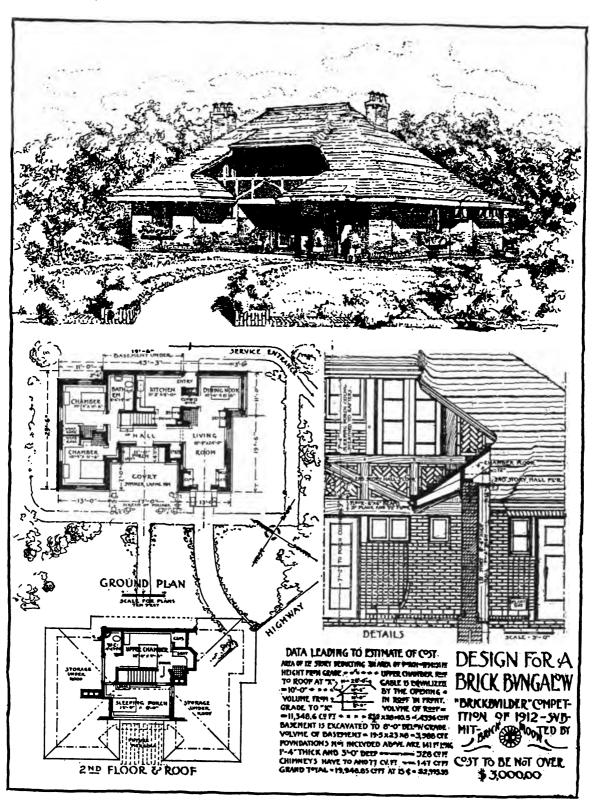


DESIGN BY CHALMERS S. CLAPP 35 Downer Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

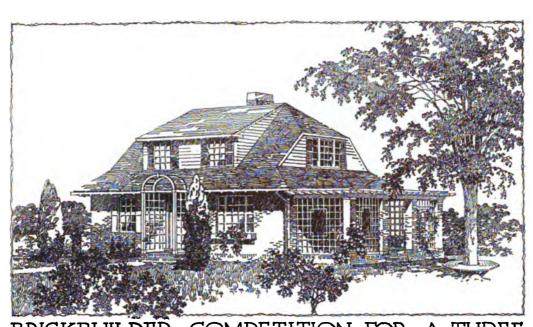


BRICKBUILDER COMPETITION FOR A THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR BUNGALOW TYPE HOUSE

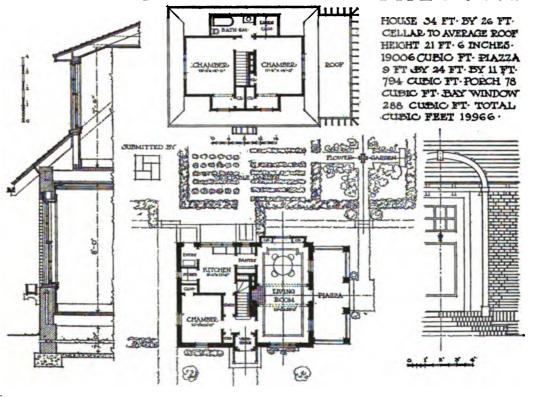




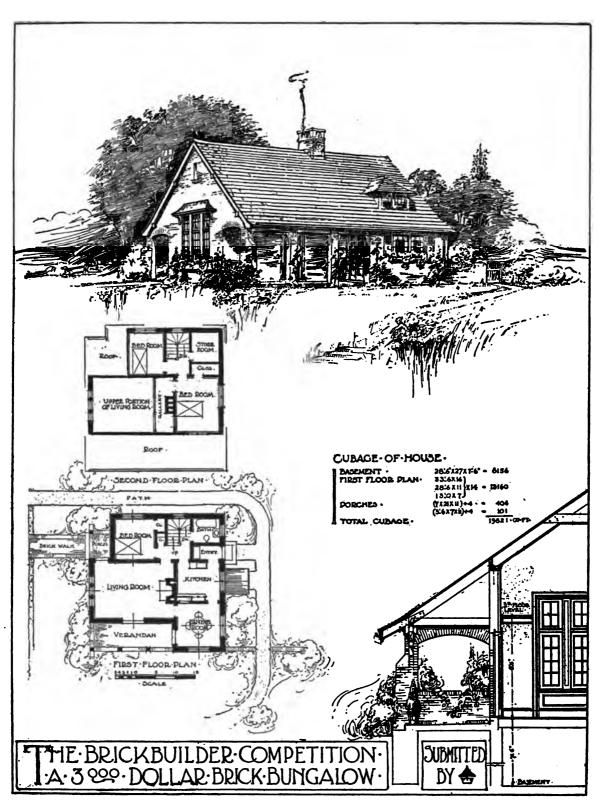
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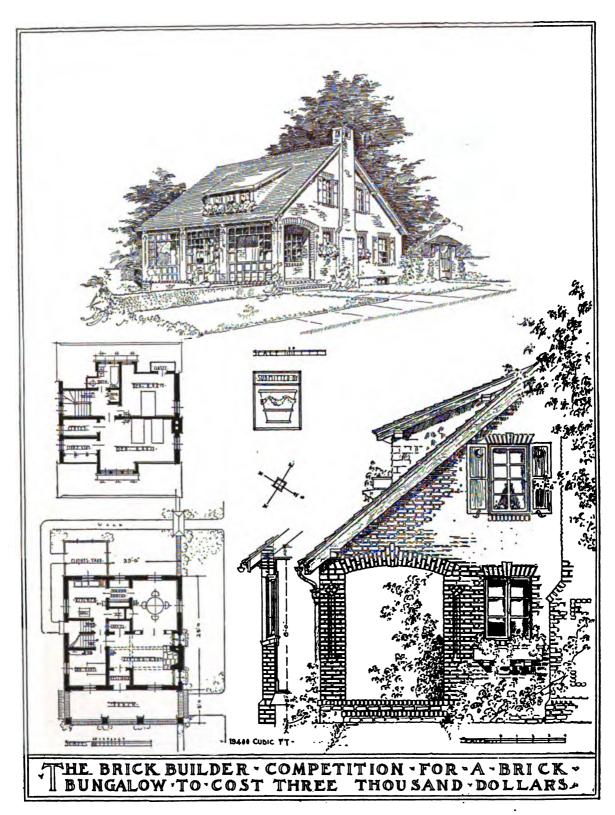
BRICKBUILDER COMPETITION FOR A THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR BUNGALOW TYPE HOUSE

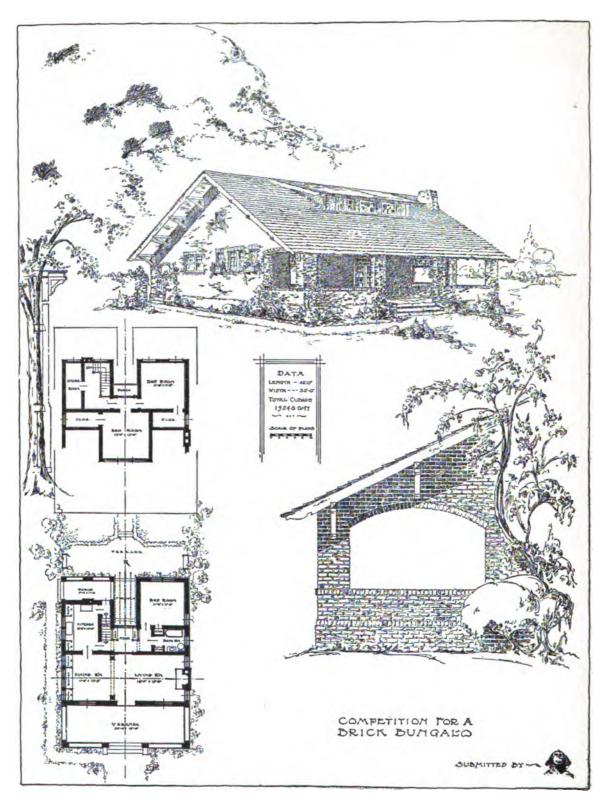


DESIGN BY WILLIAM H. PEARE 15 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

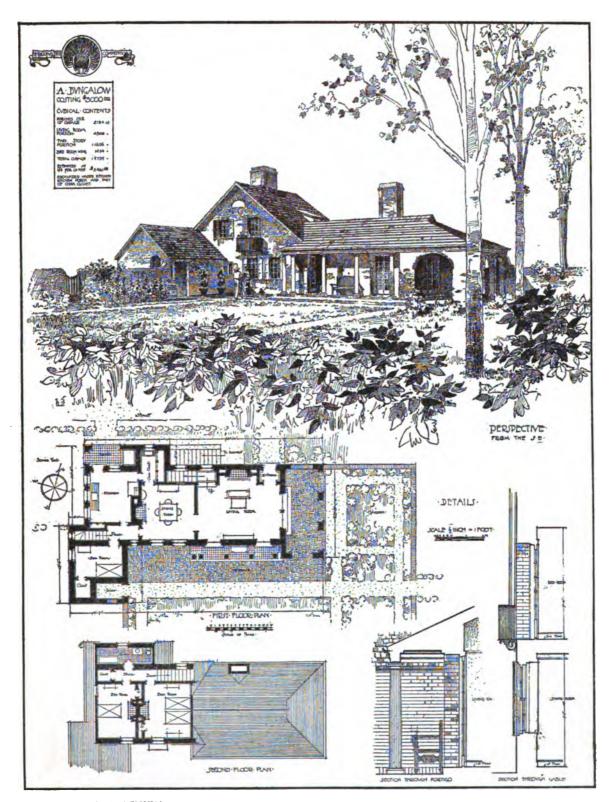


DESIGN BY MANLY C. BEEBE 1105 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

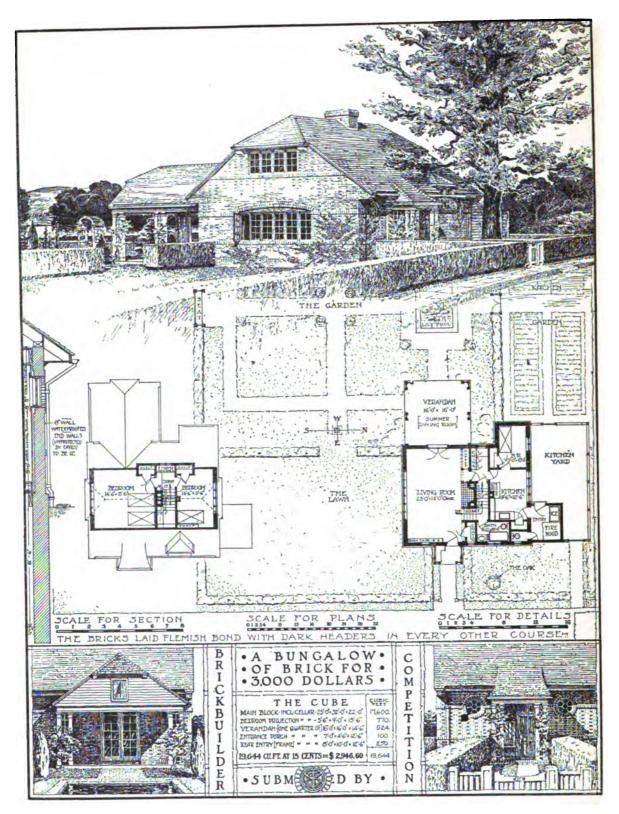




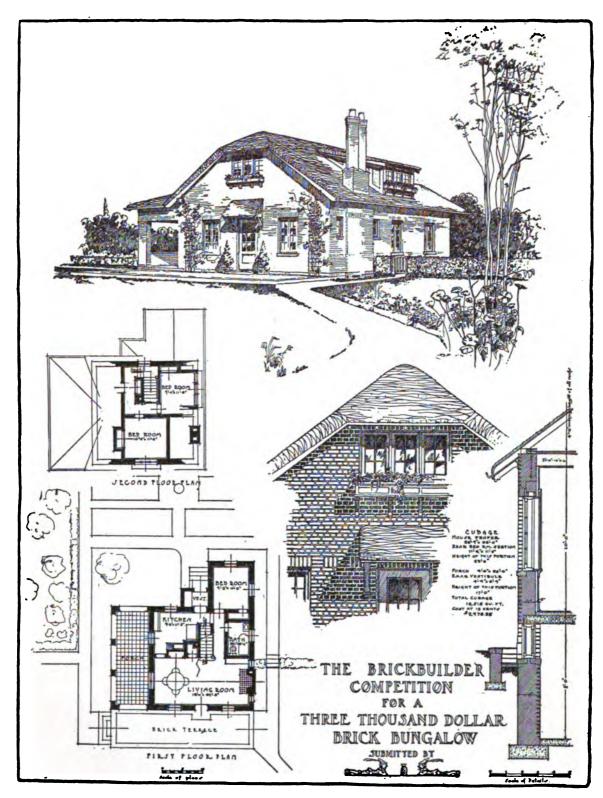
DESIGN BY C. MELVIN FRANK
123 Deshler Avenue, E., Columbus, Ohio



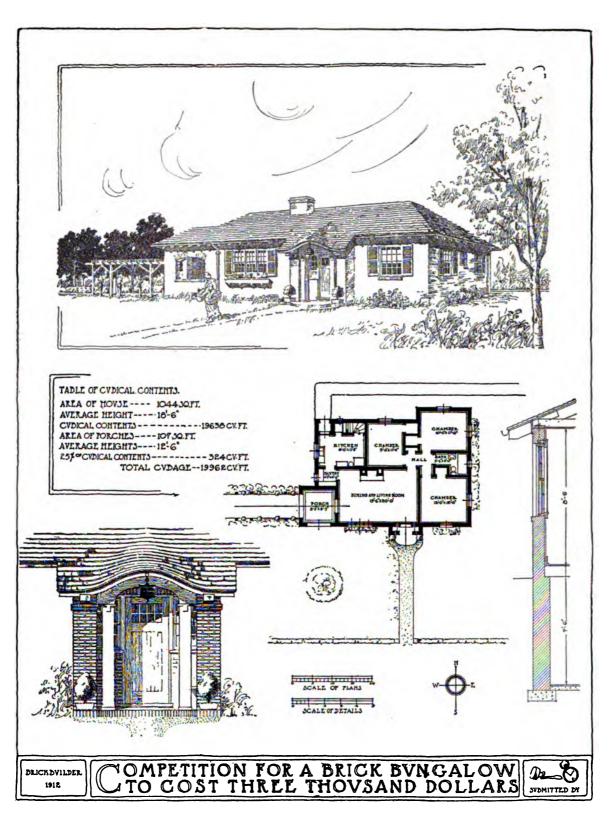
DESIGN BY ANDREW H. HEPBURN 12 West Street, Boston, Mass.



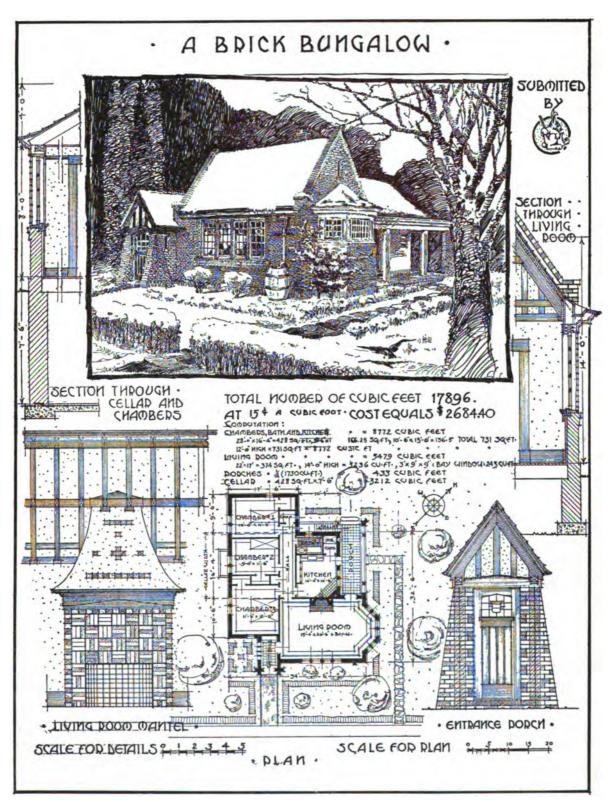
DESIGN BY RICHARD R. STANWOOD 189 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.

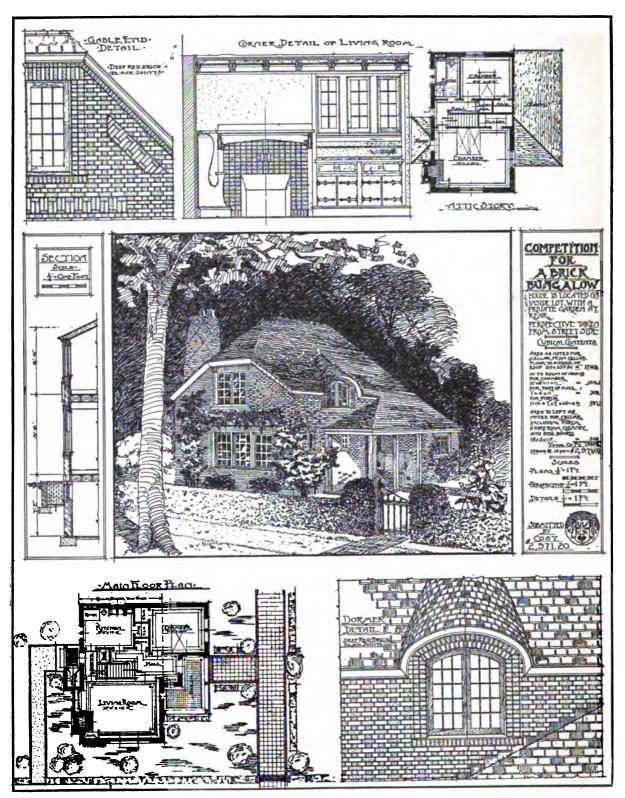


DESIGN BY FREDERICK S. STOTT & ELMER A. OLBERG 715 Capital Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn.

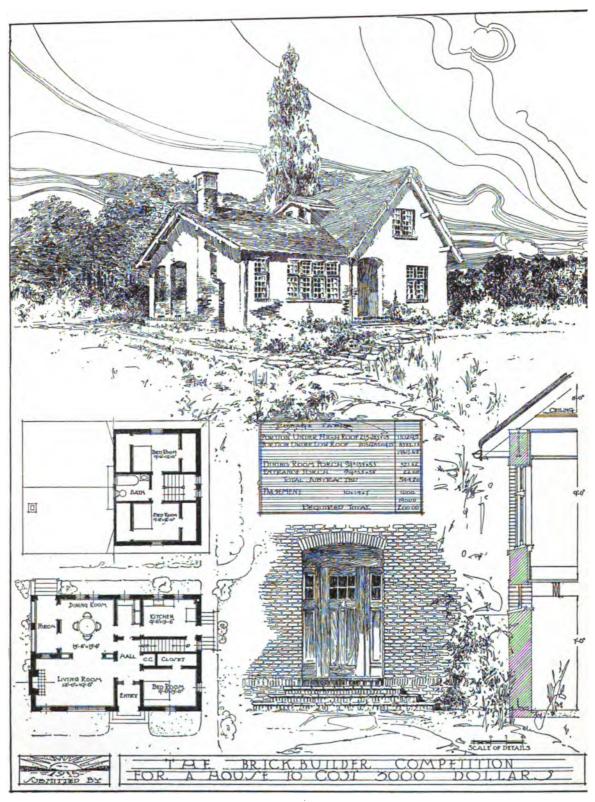


DESIGN BY GEORGE SCHMIDT 2719 Orleans Street, Baltimore, Md.

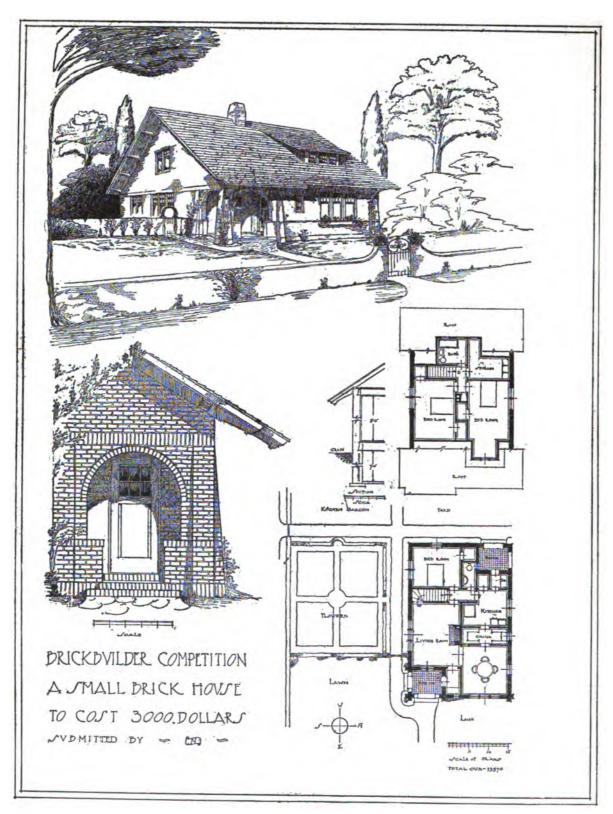


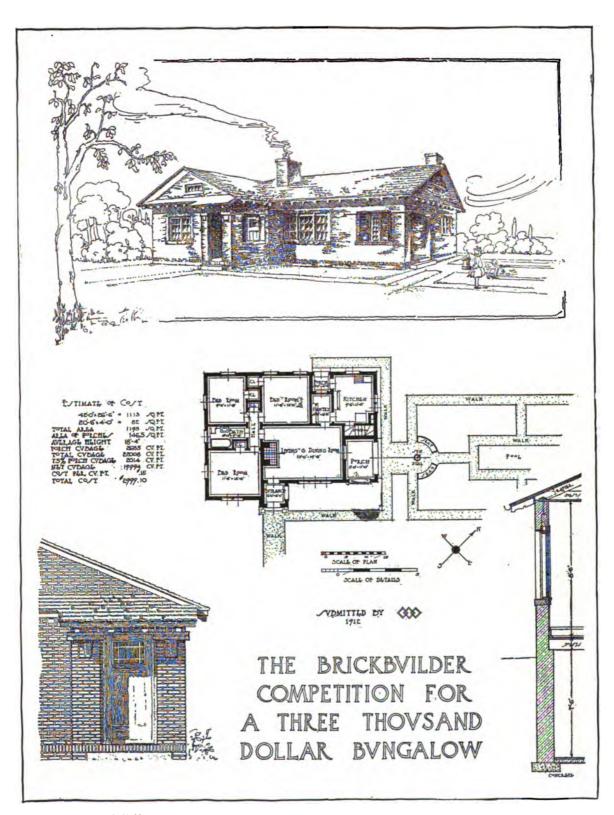


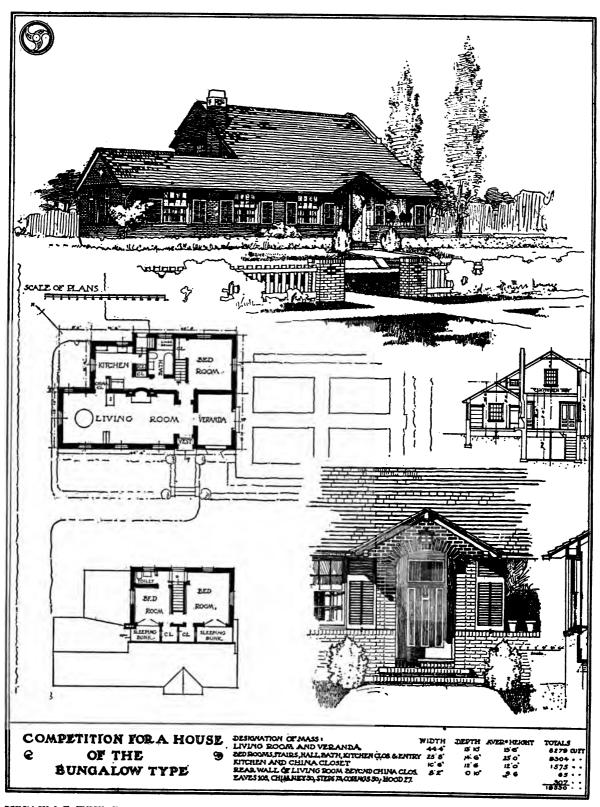
DESIGN BY WILLIAM JOHN CHERRY 103 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



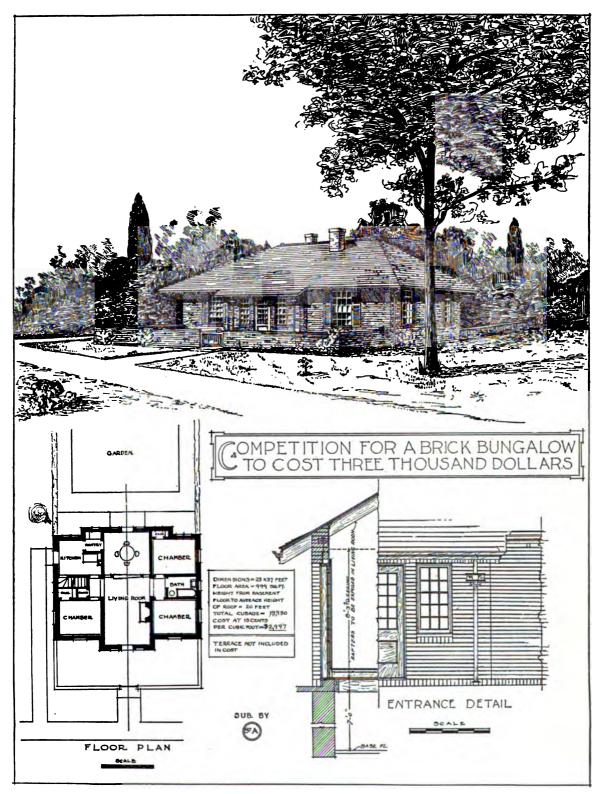
DESIGN BY ARTHUR V. JORY 1420 Spring Street, Berkeley, Cal.



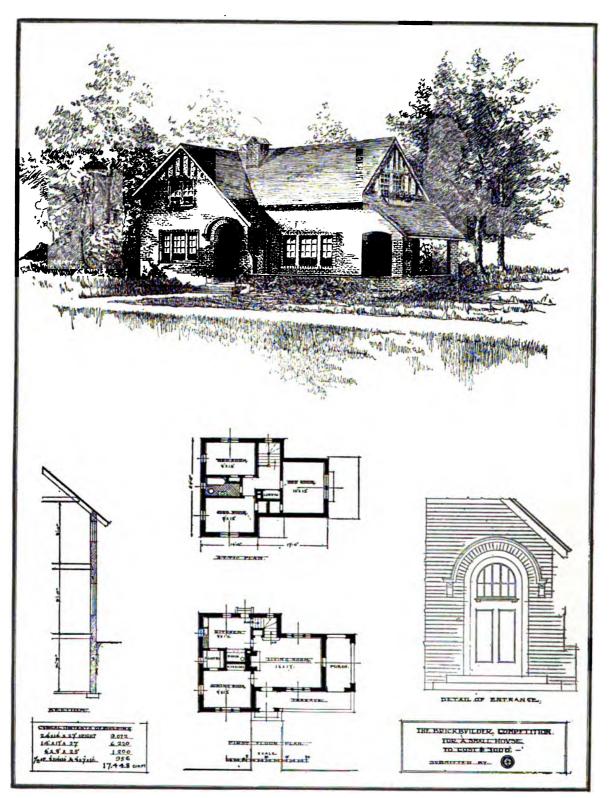




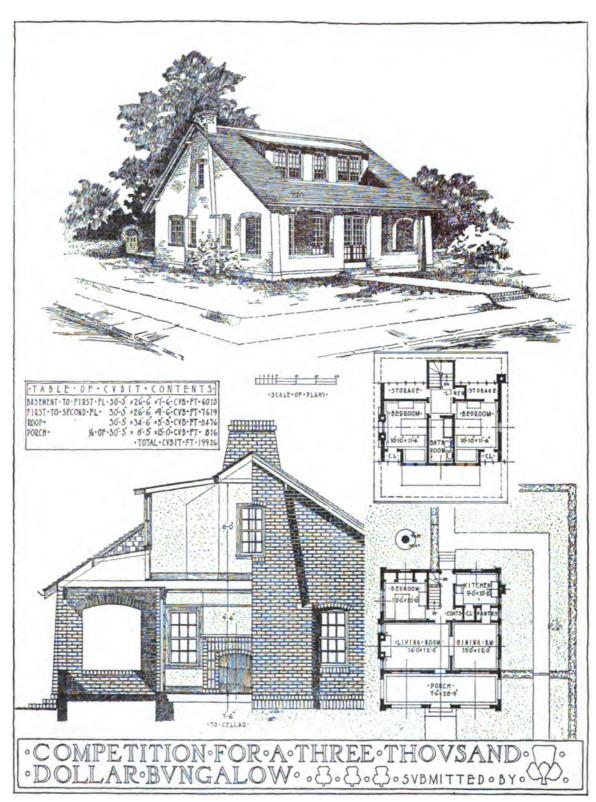
DESIGN BY J. T. TUBBY, JR. 81 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.



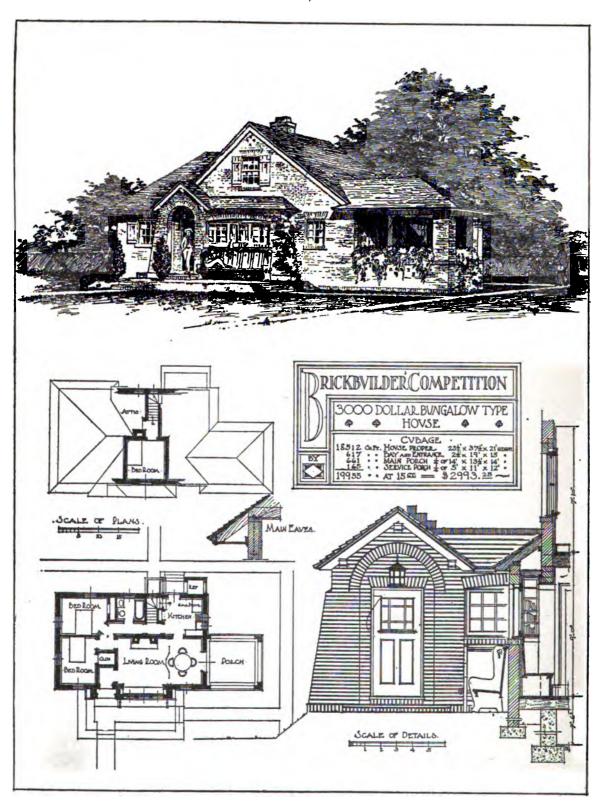
DESIGN BY ALBERT M. KREIDER & EDWIN B. HAXTON 89 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.



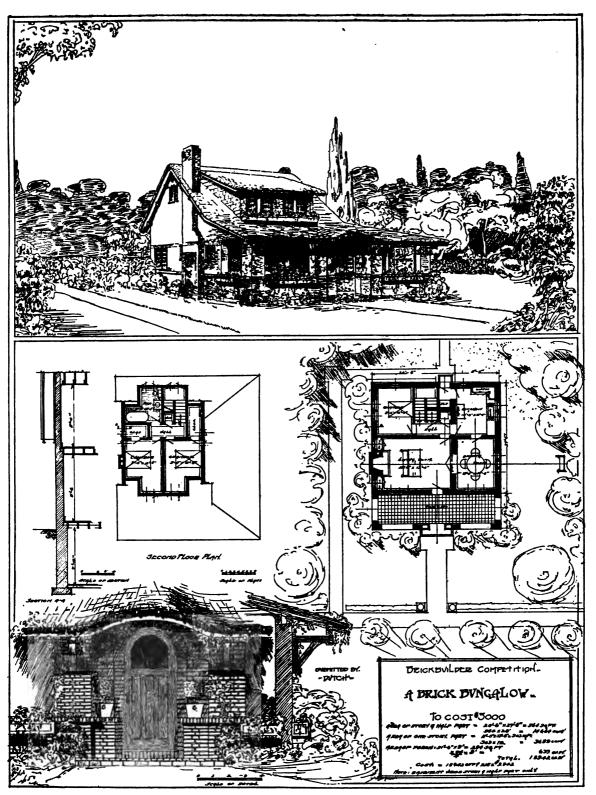
DESIGN BY ROBERT L. STEVENSON 346 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



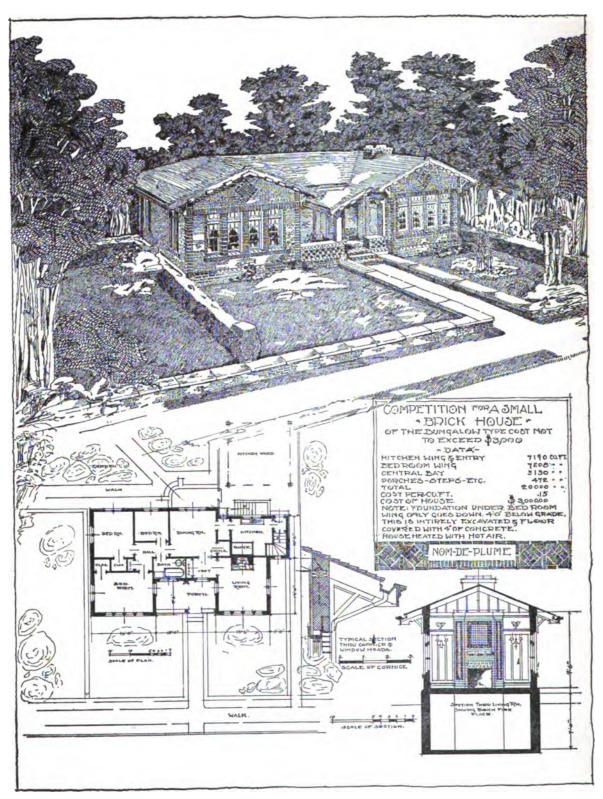
DESIGN BY T. LOCKHART SMITH
161 W. 11th Avenue, Columbus, Ohio



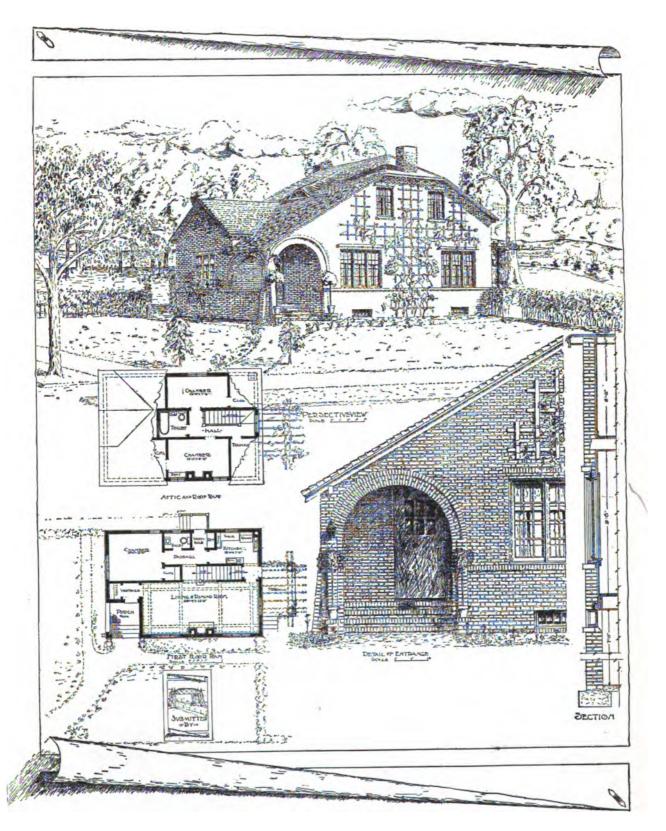
DESIGN BY ROBERT W. MAUST 389 N. Grove Street, East Orange, N. J.

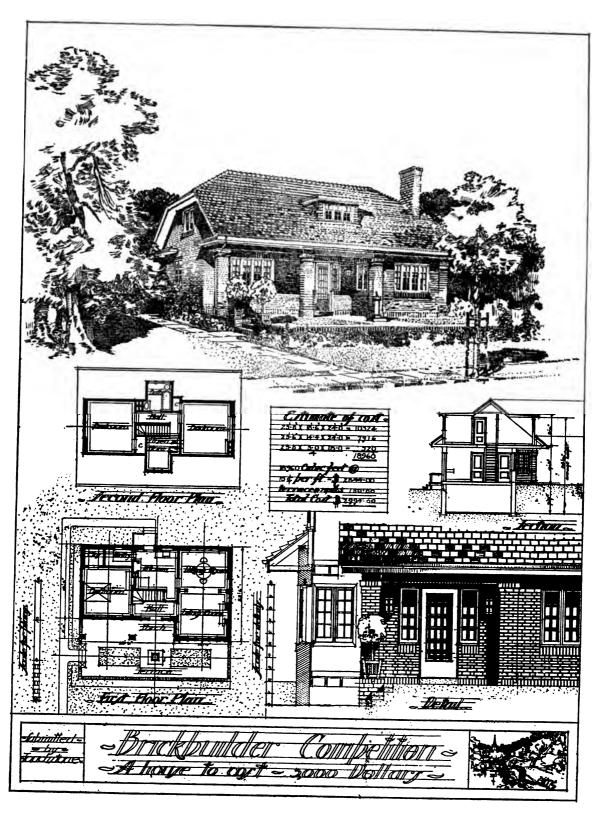


DESIGN BY R. E. SLUYTER Herkimer, N. Y.

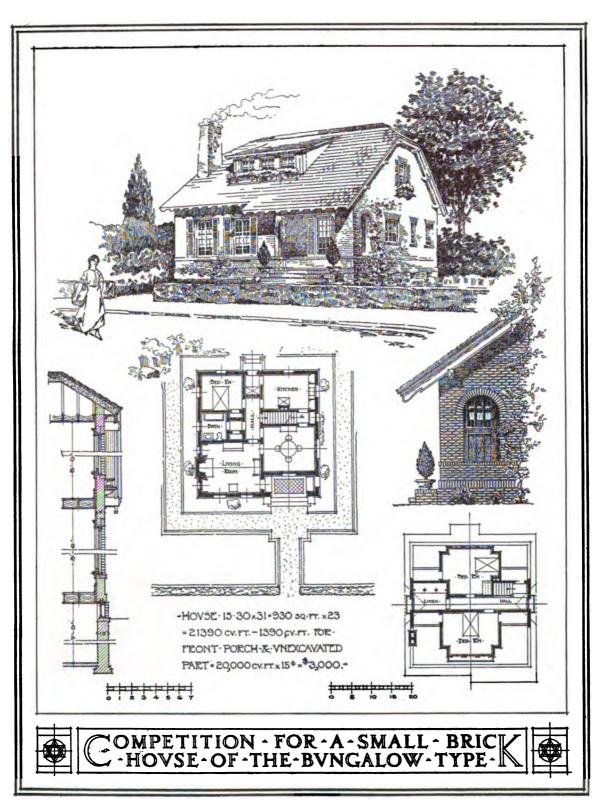


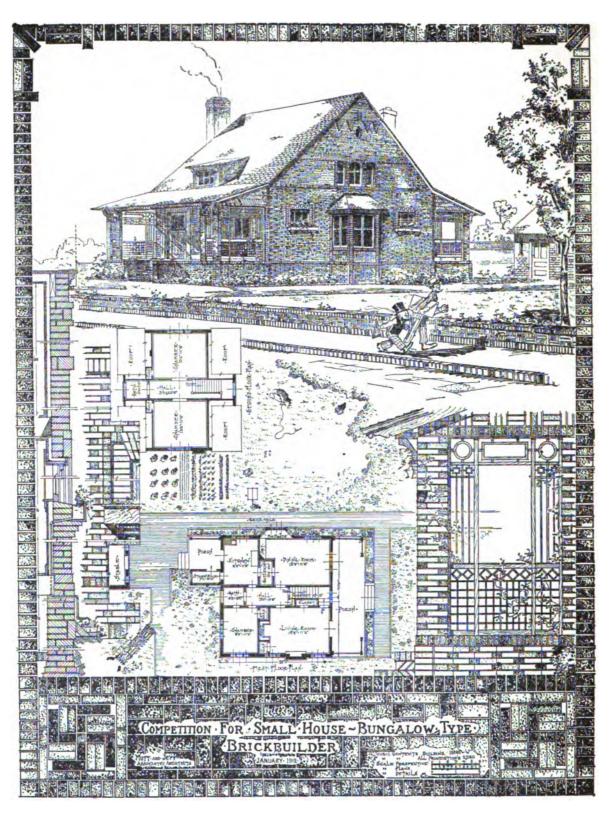
DESIGN BY EMIL B. MEYER 318 Union Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.





DESIGN BY A. D. HILL 257 N. Craig Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.





The Tale Of An Unbeliever.

ORIGINAL COST.

ET us talk common sense, Philip," I said, with that wise feeling of the man who is soon to take unto himself a wife. "You talk glowingly of Beauty and Permanence and Solidity and all those splendid abstractions. You puff out great clouds of smoke, and half shut your eyes, and see wonderful things. But I'm not interested in dream-creations now. I'm not rearing a Castle in Spain. I've got to build a house and pay for it."

Huntington puffed on and said nothing. We were sitting in that most unromantic of all places on earth, the front parlor of a boarding-house. I had been living there for economy's sake, that I might accumulate enough capital to give me the privilege of making a mortgage to some affluent owner of real estate. And we were earnestly seeking to discover some way in which one dollar could be

made to do the work of two.

"Remember the saying of a late President of the United States," I went on airily, "it is a condition we confront, not a theory. I am violating no confidence when I tell you I've saved up just seventeen hundred and seventy-five dollars, and what I want is a simple, unpretentious house, a place to live in, that will keep out the rain and the wind — and possibly mosquitoes and flies if I can afford wire nets for the windows."

Huntington was a quiet, unagressive sort of man, a little gray around the temples, with a rather dried-up face, a fugitive smile,

and withal a singularly convincing way about him.

"I went out to the suburbs Sunday, out to Crestwood," he said lazily, as if he had paid little attention to my remarks. "Stayed all day with Hilton. He had just finished painting his frame house. The job — two good coats — cost him a hundred and forty dollars."

He paused a moment to let that sink in, then sat up in his chair, put aside his indolent manner and began to speak in the brisk, even

tone of one who was sure of his ground.

"As you say, Harry, it's a condition you face, not a theory. And what you're most concerned about now is the immediate cost of your home. What's going to happen five years from now is not taking up much of your thoughts. It ought to, of course, but we'll come to that later. We'll consider original cost now. Do you know what's the difference in cost between a brick and a frame house?"

"Oh, from twenty to thirty per cent.," I replied carelessly. "Anything but frame is quite out of the question for me."

He leaned forward and shook his long thin finger at me.

"That's just the trouble with you young cock-sure fellows," he said. "You heard somebody say something like that when you were about four and a half years old, and it got stuck in a corner of your brain, and you can't get rid of it. You haven't taken the trouble to look into the matter — you just think a statement you've repeated often enough is a self-evident fact."

"I'm properly rebuked. I give you credit for a crushing intro-

duction. Now go ahead."

"Well, in the first place, did it ever occur to you that the exterior, enclosing walls of a house represent a very small part of its cost? A cost entirely out of proportion to their importance? It is the interior of a house that you spend the bulk of your money on—the partitions and the stairs and the hardwood floors, and the mantel-pieces and the cozy corners and the plumbing and heating and the thousand and one frills and fancies. But it is the outside walls that establish the character of your home, that make it temporary or permanent, cold or warm, a sapping, wearying loss or a lasting prize.

"It is not merely the building laws that are responsible for the brick in the hotels and office buildings and shops you see on city streets. It is the hard business sense of cool, canny business men. They are building for investment, for the future. Were there no building laws they would still scorn frame construction as unspeakable

folly."

"But I'm not a millionaire merchant or real estate operator," I interrupted. "I'm a pauper, relatively speaking, and I'm going to get married, and I must have a house that'll come within the sum

I have plus the sum I can borrow."

Huntington fell back into his languid, reflective mood for a moment, and blew out a cloud of smoke. "Ah, there's the story," he said musingly. "These cool canny business men are not suffused by the glow of approaching matrimony. They don't have to hold back part of their money for a ring with a big glittering diamond." He laughed, and dropped his pensive manner as suddenly as he had assumed it.

"Tommyrot you're talking, Harry," he went on. "The cold truth is that in a house that can be built for six or seven thousand dollars the difference in first cost between brick and wood walls is not more than five or six hundred dollars. Some say it is less, but that's conservative. Any capitalist who's lending on residences if he knows his business, would rather lend forty-five hundred dollars on a brick house than four thousand on a frame house. And money lenders usually know their business pretty well — you can count on that. Just take a little trouble to inquire into it, and to ask all about brick from those who know, and you can get the exact facts and figures.

"Is there any investment in the world more important than a man's home? If it's all in the world he has, it is so much the more important. It ought to be a religion with him to make it as strong and durable as it can be made. The difference in the cost now, compared with the difference in ultimate results, is as nothing. One day you will appreciate this vividly if you choose brick. And you will appreciate it still more vividly — and with profound sadness — if you do not. For I've come into contact with some of these regrets, and I am convinced that if all the woe that men have suffered from ill-built houses could be piled up together it would equip a deeper hell than Dante ever dreamed of."

The Tale Of An Unbeliever.

THE UP-KEEP.

THE next time we talked of my future home — it was about a week after he delivered that first lecture on the folly of flimsy construction — Huntington and I were walking through a neat little suburb. Everything was new — the houses, the spickand-span grassplots, the curbstones and hydrants and even the trees. The freshly-painted clapboardings fairly glistened in the sun, and the whole village looked as if it had been suddenly lifted out of a show window.

"These houses look good to me, Philip," I said. I was still an unbeliever, but a curious one, waiting to see what new fancies my friend would lay before me.

"I've no doubt the company that built 'em thinks so, too," he said. "This suburb's evidently a thorough success. The houses were built to sell — and they are selling. Still there's always room for one more innocent, and I've no doubt they'll find a place for you."

He had a way of offering a bit of this gentle irony as a foretaste to serious advice. It was a sort of oil for his mental machinery.

"I told you about my friend Hilton's outlay for painting. That house" — pointing to the nearest one — "will need repainting in five years. And another repainting in another five years. A hundred and fifty dollars each time. Thirty dollars a year — the interest on five hundred dollars at 6 per cent. Brick never needs to be painted."

Repainting had always been a vague, far-away contingency in my mind; a future possibility, never a reality. It seemed very brutal of Huntington, like bringing a death's head to a feast, to lug in such a disagreeable thought on such a balmy, sunshiny day. He noticed my displeased expression and chuckled. Then he turned serious.

"That one item alone is enough to make up for the difference in cost," he continued, "but it is only one of many. The saving in insurance premiums is just as marked. The rate for a brick-walled dwelling on the average lot in Chicago—and the same is true of other places—is 30 cents less per \$100 than the rate on a woodenwalled dwelling. This applies to contents as well, and means a difference of \$15.00 for \$5,000 of insurance. At 6 per cent. that represents a capital of \$250. But that's merely the financial side of it. You can't value in terms of money the protection that solid construction gives to the lives of you and your family and perhaps to priceless papers and heirlooms and keepsakes.

"About repairs no one can ever give accurate figures in advance. Each house is a problem by itself. But of one thing you can be sure—as soon as a frame house has left the first bloom of youth, so to speak, the mending begins. And it never stops until the house is burned up or falls to pieces like the wonderful one-horse shay. The wood shrinks, swells and warps intermittently. Cold and wind combine to draw the nails by contraction or loosen them by shaking. Decay flourishes unseen behind painted surfaces, and moisture penetrates the least opening. And all manner of vermin will delight

to dwell with you if you dwell in a house of wood."

A wise thought occurred to me.

"But the taxes," I said; "they tax you more if you have a brick house."

"That's a point for you," Huntington readily admitted, and then added, "on the surface. But not much of a point when you look deeper. In the first place, the difference is trivial compared to the superiority of your brick house over your neighbor's wooden one. And if you keep to the simple and substantial, as a man of taste should, eschewing the showy and ornate, you'll find the assessor won't be severe on you. In the second place, cities and boroughs are going to wake up some day to the folly of penalizing good construction and putting a premium upon flimsiness. They are going to encourage common-sense building by low taxation and discourage unsafe building by high taxation. That's a prophecy, but it's a reasonable one. Wait and see."

"Well, I suppose you have exhausted all the virtues of your beloved brick now."

"By no means. And I'm not going to try today. But I want you now to consider the heating. Never thought of that? Of course not — it's springtime, and the sun is keeping the mercury at about seventy-five, and you're going to get married. Why worry about coal-bills? But you'll have to next winter, just like ordinary long-married mortals. If you have brick walls about you the heating will cost you probably twenty-five per cent. less than if your house

is frame. And remember, this is not an expense for one year only; it's always to be met, as unescapable as death and taxes. Akin to it, but less calculable, is the doctor's bill. With the same constitutions to begin with, the man, wife and children who live within brick walls invariably enjoy better health than those who do not. Good health is the dearest of all possessions, the necessary prerequisite for happiness. But it is more. It is a material blessing, and the man who preserves it is obeying literally the injunction that Roderigo received from the villainous Iago: 'Put money in thy purse.'"

"An alluring picture you paint, truly," I suggested, maybe a little peevish at learning of things I had never even thought to ask

questions about before.

"A picture that's not overdrawn, though. What I tell you is not only truth, but it is truth that can be demonstrated. The man who builds of brick is building for all time. His material never wears out, never grows one whit weaker, and it saves him money every year of his life. On the other hand, if he makes wood his choice his home is a never-ending drain. Why, I tell you, Harry," Huntington wheeled me around and we started back to catch our city-bound train—"I tell you I can almost pick out a man who's lived in a frame house over ten years by the hunted look on his face. He looks as if he is just waiting for his wife to say: "John, dear, you'll have to send for the carpenter this morning—we've got to have some new boards where the water leaked in by the chimney on the south side of the house."

The Tale Of An Unbeliever.

BEAUTY THAT LASTS.

THAT was a new suburb we walked through last Sunday," said Huntington, "a kind of Spotless Town put together for showand-sale purposes. Now we'll see an old place that grew naturally, that used to stand on its own feet as a village long before it became a refuge for weary commuters."

Again we had been talking about my home, a subject quite as important to me as if I had been planning a million-dollar palace instead of a modest two-story, seven-room house on a fifty-foot lot. My life-long friend, several years older than I, had set out to give me proper instruction in home-building, and now he had brought me to this spacious, sleepy-looking settlement nestling between two cedar-clad ridges. The lawns were the triumphant product of the years, the trees along the street were giant elms, and everything about had that air of settled dignity that comes only with age.

"A house, like a human being, may be boastful, pretentious,

without good taste," my companion was saying, his voice slow and lazy in keeping with the drowsy afternoon, "and, as you spare no pains to avoid a man of that kind, so do you aim to shun such a house. Simplicity, the most beautiful quality in man or woman, is also the most beautiful quality in a home. And along with simplicity, permanence. The very spirit of the home, that which gives the word an appeal possessed by no other in our language, is the idea of permanence, and unless this idea is conveyed to the eye the creator of a home fails to attain beauty.

"I have traveled far in my day — more widely than most men, perhaps — and I have seen houses of human habitation in many lands, but I have never yet seen any material in which simplicity and permanence, the essentials of beauty, are so combined as in the brick. It has all the elements of a perfect building material, hardness, durability, imperviousness to moisture, non-conductivity of heat, adaptability to varied arrangement, convenience in handling. Fire, wind, rain, frost — all are helpless against it. It comes out

of the Earth, and it is as indestructible as earth itself."

We stopped before the gap in a tall hedge, and peered through the shrubbery and trees at a rather small house of rich, dark brick. Its long side faced us, parallel with the road we were on, and it had an immaculate white entrance, decorated by two chaste columns, just opposite us in the middle; small-paned windows with white trimmings; and a white piazza at each end. Vines clung to it lovingly, and one corner was nearly hidden by a profusion of roses.

The building was simplicity itself. As it looked it did not occur to me to wonder what it had cost, whether five thousand or twenty thousand; and a minute later, when Huntington brought my thoughts back to practical things, I realized that this was a tribute

to its perfect taste.

"Ît's almost irreverent to drag in the dollar mark in the presence of this," he said, "but, to use a phrase now made famous, 'you and I are practical men.' A builder of experience who saw that house would tell you that if the same plan had been carried out in frame the cost would have been only four or five hundred dollars less. You see what an effect the brick have given, what solidity and strength, what a faultless blend with the surrounding trees and grass and shrubbery. I venture to say the house is twenty years old if it's a day, yet it is more beautiful than when it was built, and the tone of it will become softer and mellower with every year that passes."

We saw many other homes that afternoon, of brick and of wood. And there were satisfying creations in both materials. But I noticed one thing that stayed in my mind a long time afterward: the frame houses that pleased the eye most were comparatively new, while the most beautiful of the brick houses were those that had

reached a good old age. The one class was steadily depreciating, the other steadily improving, in appearance.

In the days that followed our stroll I made up for lost time by conducting a systematic investigation into building materials. Not only did I inquire into the practical business side, gathering statistics of original cost, maintenance, insurance and taxes, but I delved into the history of the various materials, and learned of their develop-

ment in past centuries and in other lands than mine.

America has been the land of the frame house. The Pilgrim Fathers and those who followed them found forests seemingly inexhaustible, and the easiest and most inexpensive way for the settler to get stuff for his home was to shoulder an axe and attack the nearest clump of woods. His example was followed for three centuries, for the supply held out well, and not until a very few years ago did people come to see the clearer light, Unquestionably it was the economic factor that brought the truth out strong: the margin between the cost of indestructible brick and the cost of temporary frame approached closer and closer to the disappearing point. Then, when considerations of economy had forced brick upon the attention of home-builders, its architectural possibilities came to be studied and the discerning element in America awoke to an Ideal of Beauty that had been embraced long, long ago by the Old World.

In Europe rich and poor have built of brick for hundreds of years, and the traveler tells of brick homes that fit into the landscape as naturally as the streams and hills and trees themselves. If this happy result was possible in the past, it is even more so now. The advance in clay-burning methods has multiplied the colors and textures of brick; and this, with the progress achieved in producing varied shapes exactly as desired, has given to the designer the opportunity to attain that perfect harmony, in form and color, that is the

acme of Beauty.

The Tale Of An Unbeliever.

SEVEN YEARS LATER—
"THE FORTRESS OF ROSES."

I amuses me now when I recall the lectures I used to take from Huntington in those days just before my marriage. He showed little interest in the preparations for the Great Event—the ring I was to select, the gowns the bride and bridesmaids were to wear, and all that sort of thing — and he refused to be excited over the question whether the word "obey" should be included in the wife's oath. All his energies were concentrated upon persuading me to put up the proper kind of house. I remember with a deep feeling of gratitude how he stopped me on my mad career toward the choice of frame

construction — how he made me think, and look about me, and ask questions.

At first I was inclined to laugh away his advice, but in the end he won; rather I won — by losing. During the period of these talks I wrote to my intended about them, and told her what Huntington said and what I answered; and I am forced to admit that she began to come around before I did. Woman's intuition, I suppose,

pointed her to the right track.

Well, we deserted the frame construction idea and chose brick. It took considerable audacity, with our small available capital, even when we were convinced of the wisdom of it, but from the very moment of the decision we were glad. The brick were delivered promptly — almost anywhere nowadays you can get them without delay — and the construction proceeded smoothly to the end. In the same suburb half a dozen houses were going up then, and all around us we heard men grumbling about the poor quality of lumber and the difficulty of getting it promptly.

We used common brick for the main part of the walls and for the outer course an inexpensive, rather dark face brick that we had seen made up in sample panels. It produced an unobtrusive, softtoned exterior; and the joints and uneven surfaces offer an ideal foothold for vines that we can see grow without fearing that they will rot our house away. Great clusters of roses make the piazza a bower. I swelled up proudly the other day when one of my fellow

commuters lingered a moment before my door and said:

"Well, Temple, there are houses in this borough that cost five and ten times as much as yours, but not one is more pleasing to the

And that is what continues to impress me most about brick, its adaptability to any financial condition. It is at once the most aristocratic and the most democratic of building materials — aristocratic because of its ancient supremacy, its dignity, and its defiance of attacks by time and the elements; democratic because of its plentifulness, its oneness with the earth we tread upon, and the ease with which any one of us, be he nabob or just safe from poverty, may possess it.

Now I am about to leave this sturdy little house in which we have lived so happily. Not because it failed to come up to expectations, for it more then fulfilled our hopes. But things have been going well with me in more ways than one; there are two children, and good fortune has come to me in my business. We must move into a larger place. There is no good reason against it, and many for it, yet I find myself almost resenting the prosperity that dictates the change.

Both of us kept finding excuses to put it off, after agreeing upon

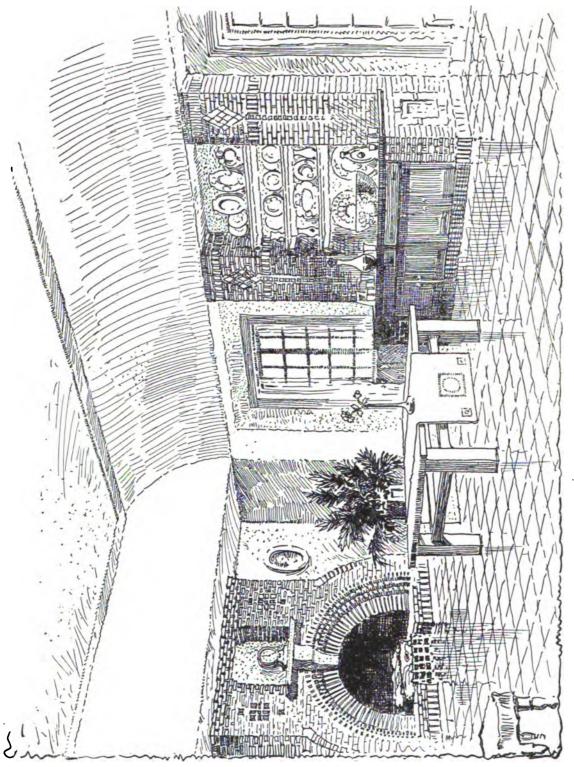
it last summer, and we might have been finding them yet if would-be purchasers had not crowded so thickly upon us. Two or three inviting offers we refused, but at last came one that we could not let pass, and the man is urging us to hurry out so that he can move in. He is paying us two thousand dollars more than our home cost. The rise in land values accounts for some of it, but the character of the house for most; only last month I heard the owner of a nearby frame house, put up at about the same time as mine, telling with great glee of selling for an advance of four hundred dollars. And I happen to know that he has laid out at least half that in repairing the building itself and frozen pipes.

There has been practically none of that in the "Fortress of Roses," as we nicknamed our home. The carpenter and the plumber are strangers to us. The brick walls, non-conductors of heat, have kept our rooms at least ten degrees cooler in summer than our neighbors and if the difference in winter had not been that much in our favor it is because they fed their furnaces far greater quantities of costly anthracite. And paint! Why, my wife and I would consider it nothing short of desecration to remove one trace of what the weather has done for the walls of the Fortress. While fellow suburbanites who have built of frame half a dozen years ago are studying colors and asking estimates from painters, our friends are continually telling us how our home, never yet painted and never to be, improves in appearance from year to year.

We have had a little demonstration, too, of what it means to have a fireproof home. The next house took fire in the night about two years ago, and the men who call themselves fire-fighting experts said afterward that all that saved us from serious damage was that the exposed wall was of brick. The dwelling on the other side got a bad scorching; the paint peeled off, and a frantic application of water, for two hours, was all that kept the boards from actually

blazing.

When I look back over these short seven years it seems to me that my house has provided a perfect object lesson for young men who plan to build. It possesses all those qualities that should attach to the word home — strength, permanence, comfort, beauty — and the thought of leaving it brings a catch in the throat, as if I were parting forever from a near and dear friend. My only consolation is to vow, for the one hundredth or one thousandth time, that I will have for my new home the same variety of brick, and no other, that I see every evening when my flaxen-haired daughter meets me and leads me through the opening in the box hedge.



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The Bungalow Indoors.

BY MARION GRIFFIN.

To go through the doors of a Rhenish castle and find one-self in a Louis XV living-room is getting to be a stale joke. No matter how magnificent the building, this sort of thing is only indicative of sham, but it is the kind of monkey show we still see all about us and is the standard set even for the cottage. It shows a dishonesty so ingrained that we have almost lost our comprehension of the meaning of honesty. There is no more vestige of elegance in it than there is in the piruettings and bowings and grimaces of a dog dressed up in petticoats with strings of pearls, running around on his hind legs on the vaudeville stage. Fortunately the "Bungalow" idea has brought with it a better sense of the congruous and the sense that the feeling, if not the materials, of the exterior should be brought within the house.

In a brick house the conformity of interior with exterior may be brought about in delightful ways. The same brick used in the outside walls may be used in the fireplace of the interior, and then the rich, soft minor tones, carried into the decorations, hangings and wall surfaces, result in most charming effects whether the brick be of unusual texture and color or the most common brick of the region; tones too that will stand any amount of sunlight without becoming garish, which will remain always restful to the eye and quieting to the nerves. For we are learning that color has a very positive effect on mood and temper, and should not leave to our schools alone the effort to take advantage of all external helps possible to comfort and inspiration.

There is a notion that brick cannot be used for interior walls without getting a feeling of coldness or publicity. This is not at all true, these results being entirely the consequence of the manner of handling. In some of the coziest and homiest rooms brick have been used for the walls as high as the head casing of doors and windows. By keeping these two features at the same level, we get a continuous line around the room dividing the height in pleasing proportions and making a natural line for the separation of materials.

The use of brick for this dado is particulally appropriate in the children's playroom, doing away with the trying necessity of constant watchfulness or nagging to avoid defacement of surfaces.

Of course the desirability of using brick for sanitary purposes in the bath-rooms and kitchen is perfectly evident as is also the saving of effort on the part of the housekeeper and the saving of cost in renovation. Honesty should lead us to use materials in accordance with their nature, and calls for highly intelligent research into their qualities and possibilities. The character of many of our rougher brick demands the elimination of high polish in the finish of wood to be used in connection with them, and moreover the beauty of the wood itself should lead us to keep it as nearly natural as is compatible with necessity for protection. All the woods are beautiful and only the aristocratic antipathy for the common can account for the commonplace, vulgar habit of imitating mahogany, for example, with red gum or birch.

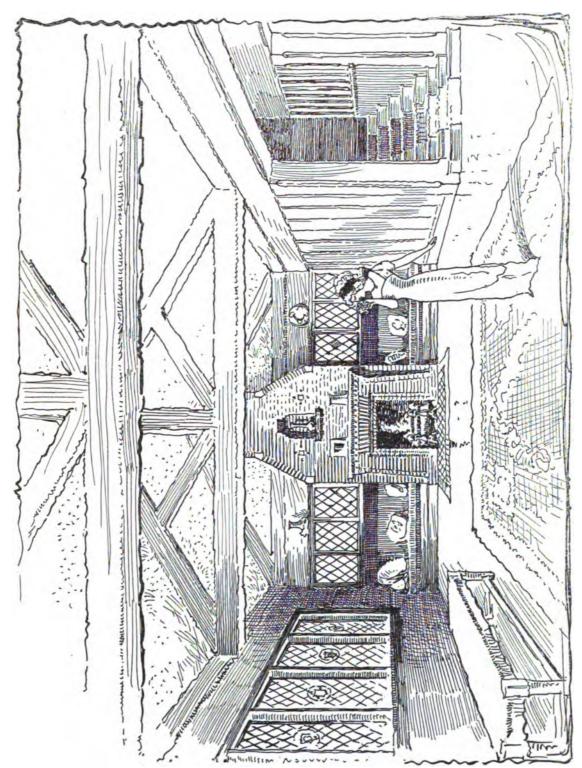
The quality of each of the woods, matchless in its own way, can be preserved in its appropriate soft color and its delicate grain brought out by using a simple wax finish. In general the rugged lasting character of our house will be best conserved through the open-grained woods for the coarser brick with closer-grained woods for the smoother brick. And similarly in fabrics, while plain surfaces should predominate throughout, the textures should correspond in character with the brick.

In our hangings let us avoid the incongruity of white lace curtains with their delicate mesh and dainty motives, and where we want sash curtains have them in keeping by using straight falls of some low-toned material like some of the Kentucky linens, or screen scrim, or other simple net.

For carpets, in the fluff rugs made from old ingrain carpets, we can get very suitable coverings most economical and entirely in harmony with the other materials we are considering and very beautiful in themselves. By selection, rugs of uniform tone can be obtained, than which nothing better is to be found.

Nothing is more trying to our nerves or displeasing to the eye than to have a lot of heterogeneous motives huddled together; for a design is an expression of an emotion and the jarring effect of a lot of indiscriminate visual motives is quite as great though not at present so clearly understood as would be the throwing together of snatches of music of different character as pastoral, and jig, and hymn and dirge.

The confusion to which we doom ourselves when we use figured wall papers, figured rugs, figured curtains, figured upholstery, is responsible for much of the weariness of the women who spend so much of their time in the house, for peevishness of children who cannot be expected to understand the causes of their discomfort, and for grouchiness of men who need rest when they come home from a days' work, who would resent being obliged to listen to discordant notes constantly jangling in their ears, and if sufficiently intelligent to understand the cause of their discomfort would resent being subjected to discordant visual notes.



We understand this fact of harmony or discord in music. In the course of the centuries it finally dawned on us that there was a law in accordance with which sounds were pleasing or displeaasing to us. We studied into the nature of the law and then we entered into the great, new, limitless world of music — a heaven of measureless delights.

A building is line, form, motive, and until we realize that they must be used in conformity to law to be pleasing we will get occasional satisfying results but no great or growing architecture, and as all things act and react on each other so the very development of our character--our souls, is dependent on these laws of nature which are spiritual as well as physical in themselves and in their effects.

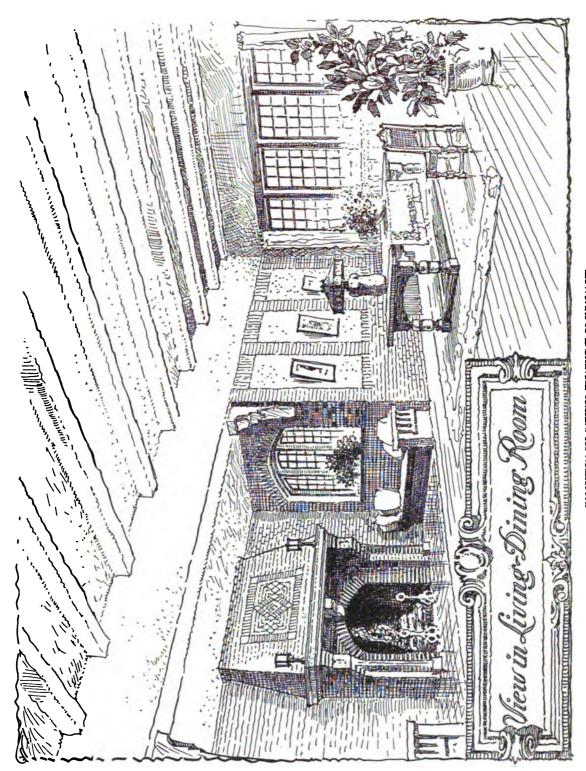
The necessities of the small house holder are totally different from those of larger establishments and the introduction of elements which are most convenient in the latter case into the former problem, resulting from lack of realization of the difference in the problem, often leads to waste, extravagance and actual inconvenience.

In the bungalow where one does one's own work or at most employs one assistant, added steps, inconvenience in getting at implements and materials and waste of space should be avoided. A small kitchen properly arranged with cupboards on the walls is not only an economy in building but a most desirable arrangement for the housekeeper. When we stop to think what meals can be turned out of the tiny kitchen of a dining-car we are brought to a realizing sense of the wastefulness and inconvenience of our ordinary domestic arrangements.

Again, the space used for hall and stairways in a large house are unnecessary in a bungalow. The plan should be so arranged that in a compact and restricted area access can be given to all the various parts of the house as entrance, living-room, kitchen and second story, while maintaining the privacy of each and avoiding making a thoroughfare of any. The grand stairway, appropriate enough in a palace with its functions of pomp and parade, becomes an absurdity in our domestic life — a manner of living totally unknown

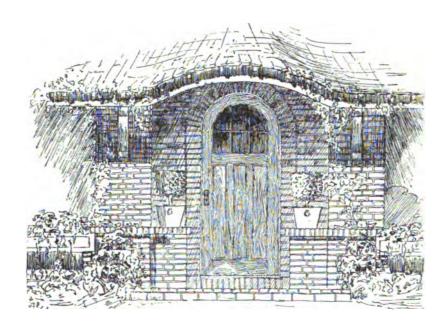
two centuries ago.

The flexibility of a small house is much increased by throwing the living-rooms together so far as possible, for no matter how small the family there are many times when for social purposes it is necessary to have a large room. Nor does this arrangement interfere with the proper fulfiling of the separate functions of living and dining-room, for the nature of these two rooms is such that when one of them is occupied the other is empty. The economy of throwing the space of the two together is obvious. The necessity of separating guests from the confusion of elaborate service does not exist. Such separation of dining-table from living quarters as mightoco-



casionally be needed can be easily effected by the use of a screen. On festival occasions the whole space can serve as dining-room, arranged with tables which can be easily removed, leaving a fine big room for frolic when the feast is done. Indeed I have known very small houses that could entertain on a much larger scale than really big ones, simply as a consequence of a well-thought out plan.

Small rooms, each capable of being cut off from the others, is an arrangement no longer necessary. The old difficulties of heating and housekeeping which made it easier to keep one room immaculate, ready for the reception of the occasional guest, have been done away We live too close to each other in these days, too intimately, on too democratic a footing to make us wish to have a little show We open our homes as our hearts and are not ashamed of our occupations. It is no doubt convenient to have one room, call it reception room or den or grouch or study or office, where seclusion is possible, but under ordinary circumstances this need is subordinate to the more constant and pressing needs of our every-day life. and more we are becoming conscious of the value of harmonizing and unifying the interests of all the members of a family, men and women, old and young — a movement which is permeating all our community where opportunity in education and business is unifying the social life of all.



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